

THE VOICE OF THE POETS

*A Modern Anthology
of English and American Verse*



Herausgegeben von
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Vorwort zur ersten Auflage

Die vorliegende Sammlung ist nach Stoffgruppen geordnet. Sie stellt – ohne den Lehrer binden zu wollen – eine Auswahl solcher Gedichte zusammen, die denselben Gegenstand von verschiedenen Seiten beleuchten. Sie läßt also die bisher überwiegende literar-historische Behandlung zurücktreten und verzichtet darauf, ein Bild von den Dichterpersönlichkeiten geben zu wollen, was allein nach Gedichtproben erfahrungsgemäß nicht einmal im deutschen, geschweige denn im fremdsprachlichen Unterricht erreichbar ist. Es ist natürlich sehr wohl möglich, für bestimmte Zwecke des Unterrichtes manche Gedichte unter anderen Gesichtspunkten zu gruppieren, als es hier geschehen ist. Die Herausgeber selbst haben zum Beispiel nicht alle auf den Weltkrieg bezüglichen Gedichte unter dem Abschnitt "World War" eingereiht.

Durch die gewählte Ordnung des Stoffes hofft das Buch auch dem kulturkundlichen Gedanken im Unterricht zu dienen. Aus der Stimme der Dichter lassen sich oft auch die sonst verborgenen Regungen der Volksseele am deutlichsten heraushören. Dazu sind Gedichte als kurze, in sich geschlossene Kunstwerke manchmal besser geeignet als Auszüge aus Prosawerken. Mit Recht sagt Matthew Arnold: „The power of English literature is in its poets.“

Für die Stoffauswahl war der Gedanke leitend, nur wertvolle, charakteristische, nicht zu lange und nicht zu schwere Gedichte zu bieten. Von schwierigeren Dichtern sind entweder leicht verständliche Proben gewählt (Blake, Browning, Meredith, Yeats), oder sie sind ausgeschieden (Joyce u. a.). Gleichzeitig waltete der Grundsatz, solche Dichtungen auszusuchen, die dem Schüler nicht nur Aufschlüsse über englische oder amerikanische Denkweise und Empfindung vermitteln, sondern ihn auch innerlich bereichern können.

Da der Umfang der Sammlung so gestaltet werden mußte, daß in den Oberklassen – in Schulen mit frühem Beginn des Englischen schon von Untersekunda an – der wesentliche Inhalt des Buches ausgeschöpft werden kann, war gleichfalls eine starke Beschränkung des Stoffes geboten. Manche älteren Gedichte, die überdies in den meisten Lehrbüchern zu finden sind, mußten wertvollem, neuerem Gut weichen. Denn daß die nach-viktorianische Dichtung einen verhältnismäßig großen Raum einnehmen mußte, erschien selbstverständlich für ein Buch, das englisches Fühlen und Denken vornehmlich der Gegenwart aufzuzeigen sucht.

Besondere Rücksicht verdiente die englische soziale Dichtung bis auf die Gegenwart, auch die Kriegsdichtung, der in England durchaus keine vorübergehende Bedeutung zukommt. Grundsätzlich sind hier, wie in der sozialen und in der imperialistischen Dichtung, auch Gegner der durchschnittlichen Auffassung zu Worte gekommen.

Die amerikanischen Dichter sind absichtlich nicht gesondert behandelt, sondern nach stofflichen Gesichtspunkten unter die englischen aufgeteilt. So läßt sich auch am leichtesten die Harmonie – manchmal auch Disharmonie – des Stimmenchors von drüben mit dem Englischen erkennen.

Die größeren Werken entnommenen Proben sind so bemessen, daß sie etwa in einer Unterrichtsstunde bewältigt werden können. Daselbe trifft, von wenigen Ausnahmen abgesehen, auf die längeren, selbständigen Dichtungen zu (z.B. Cowper, "John Gilpin" und Poe, "The Raven").

Im Anhang erscheinen eine Anzahl von Liedern mit Noten, da diese erst durch die Musik volles Leben gewinnen.

Von einem Sonderwörterbuche wurde abgesehen, da ein Wörterbuch mittleren Umfangs in der Hand jedes Schülers der Oberstufe vorausgesetzt wird und in den Anmerkungen des Beiheftes alle selteneren Wörter oder schwierigeren Wendungen erklärt sind.

Lübeck und Altona,
September 1927

Die Herausgeber.

Vorwort zur zweiten Auflage

Die zweite Auflage ist im Textteil fast unverändert geblieben, nur ein Gedicht wurde ausgewechselt und ein Lied neu aufgenommen.

Gern wären die Herausgeber den Wünschen — fremden und eigenen — nach Aufnahme weiterer moderner Gedichte nachgekommen; aber mit Rücksicht auf den Preis und die Möglichkeit, die erste Auflage neben der zweiten weiter zu benutzen, mußte darauf noch verzichtet werden.

Die Erläuterungen des Beihefts konnten eine Anzahl von Verbesserungen erfahren; besonders danken wir den Herren Studiendirektor Fahlbusch und Studienrat Riedel in Rendsburg für ihre freundliche Mitarbeit.

Auf mehrfach geäußerten Wunsch wurden einige metrische Übersetzungen englischer Gedichte geboten. Den Herren Studienrat Dr. Arns-Bodum und Prof. Dr. Darmstädter-Mannheim sind wir für die Abdrucksgenehmigung ihrer Übertragungen zu besonderem Dank verpflichtet.

Sämtliche Versübersetzungen sind in den beiden Inhaltsverzeichnissen durch ein Sternchen gekennzeichnet und finden sich am Schluß des Beihefts.

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A l l e R e c h t e v o r b e h a l t e n

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Chapter I. Man and God.

Creation and Creator.

1. The Creation of the Earth.

On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
They viewed the vast immeasurable Abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

“Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace!”
Said then the omnific Word: “your discord end.”
Nor stayed; but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the World unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
Followed in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things.
One foot he centred, and the other turned
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said: “Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;
This be thy just circumference, O World!”
Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
Matter unformed and void. Darkness profound
Covered the Abyss; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,

Adverse to life; then founded, then conglobed:
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air;
And Earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

“Let there be light!” said God; and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud — for yet the sun
Was not: she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourned the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the day, and darkness night
He named. Thus was the first day even and morn;
Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,
Birth-day of Heaven and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they filled,
And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works: Creator Him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

John Milton.

2. Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve.

“These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty. Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels: for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,

Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

John Milton.

3. Satan's Revolt.

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome:
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. . . .

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for Heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. — Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors, hail,
Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least

We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence.
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell.
Better to reign in hell, than serve in Heaven.

John Milton.

4. Thou art, o God.

Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven:
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes:
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

Thomas Moore.

5. All's Right with the World!

The year's at the spring,	The lark's on the wing;
And day's at the morn;	The snail's on the thorn:
Morning's at seven;	God's in his heaven —
The hill-side's dew-pearled;	All's right with the world!

Robert Browning.

6. Ode in May.

Let me go forth, and share
 The overflowing Sun
 With one wise friend, or one
 Better than wise, being fair,
 Where the pewit wheels and dips
 On heights of bracken and ling,
 And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,
 Tingles with the Spring.

What is so sweet and dear
 As a prosperous morn in May,
 The confident prime of the day,
 And the dauntless youth of the year,
 When nothing that asks for bliss,
 Asking aright, is denied,
 And half of the world a bridegroom is,
 And half of the world a bride?

The Song of Mingling flows,
 Grave, ceremonial, pure,
 As once, from lips that endure,
 The cosmic descant rose,
 When the temporal Lord of Life,
 Going his golden way,
 Had taken a wondrous maid to wife
 That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,
Came wooing the mother of men,
Earth, that was virginal then,
Vestal fire to his fire,
Silent her bosom and coy.

But the strong god sued and press'd;
And born of their starry nuptial joy
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,
And the travail of her that bore,
Behold, they are evermore
As warp and weft in our lot.
We are children of splendour and flame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the Spheres.

O bright irresistible Lord!
We are fruit of Earth's womb, each one,
And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,
Whence first was the seed outpour'd.
To thee as our Father we bow,
Forbidden thy Father to see,
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou
Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech;
Thou art but as a wave of his hand;
Thou art brief as a glitter of sand
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach;
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,
Or a moment's mood of his soul:
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir
That chant the chant of the Whole.

William Watson.

7. The Wondrous Creature, Man.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little or too much:
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
 Still by himself abused or disabused;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old time, and regulate the sun...
 Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule —
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Alexander Pope.

8. My Garden.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
 Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
 Ferned grot —
 The veriest school
 Of peace; and yet the fool

Contends that God is not —
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

Thomas Edward Brown.

9. Hymn of the City.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity;
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty! — here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human-kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes—
For them Thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—

The quiet of that moment, too, is Thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

William Cullen Bryant.

10. The Kingdom of God.

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
The drift of pinions, would we harken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder,
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

Francis Thompson.

11. Before Dawn.

Dim-berried is the mistletoe
With globes of sheenless gray,
The holly 'mid ten thousand thorns
Smoulders its fires away;
And in the manger Jesu sleeps
This Christmas day.

Bull unto bull with hollow throat
Makes echo every hill,
Cold sheep in pastures thick with snow
The air with bleatings fill;
While of His mother's heart this Babe
Takes His sweet will.

All flowers and butterflies lie hid;
The blackbird and the thrush
Pipe but a little as they flit
Restless from bush to bush;
Even to the robin Gabriel hath
Cried softly, "Hush!"

Now night 's astir with burning stars
In darkness of the snow;
Burdened with frankincense and myrrh
And gold the Strangers go
Into a dusk where one dim lamp
Burns faintly, Lo!

No snowdrop yet its small head nods,
In winds of winter drear;
No lark at casement in the sky
Sings matins shrill and clear;
Yet in this frozen mirk the Dawn
Breathes, Spring is here!

Walter de la Mare.

12. Christ in the Universe.

With this ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us. — These abide:
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all
The innumerable host of stars has heard
How He administered this terrestrial ball.
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet
None knows the secret—cherished, perilous;
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

No planet knows that this
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss,
Bears, as chief treasure, one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,
May His devices with the heavens be guessed;
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way,
Or His bestowals there, be manifest.

But in the eternities
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
A million alien Gospels, in what guise
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

O, be prepared, my soul,
To read the inconceivable, to scan
The infinite forms of God those stars unroll
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

Alice Meynell.

Godseekers.

13. This World is all a Fleeting Show.

This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we 're driven;
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

Thomas Moore.

14. The Pillar of the Cloud.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman.

15. Last Lines.

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere.
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And Faith shines equal, arming me from Fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one,
Holding so fast by Thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

Emily Brontë.

16. He prayeth best who loveth best.

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends:
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

17. Evensong.

The embers of the day are red
Beyond the murky hill.
The kitchen smokes; the bed
In the darkling house is spread.
The great sky darkens overhead,
And the great woods are shrill.
So far have I been led,
Lord, by Thy will:
So far I have followed, Lord, and wondered still.

The breeze from the embalmèd land
Blows sudden toward the shore,
And claps my cottage door.
I hear the signal, Lord—I understand.
The night at Thy command
Comes. I will eat and sleep and will not question more.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

18. Requiem.

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

19. Uphill.

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

20. The Blessed Damozel.

The blessèd damozel lean'd out

From the gold bar of Heaven;

Her eyes were deeper than the depth

Of waters still'd at even;

She had three lilies in her hand,

And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,

No wrought flowers did adorn,

But a white rose of Mary's gift,

For service meetly worn;

Her hair that lay along her back

Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seem'd, she scarce had been a day

One of God's choristers;

The wonder was not yet quite gone

From that still look of hers;

Albeit, to them she left, her day

Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their rapturous new names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bow'd herself and stoop'd
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she lean'd on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fix'd place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not pray'd in Heaven?—on earth,

Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
We will step down as to a stream,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirr'd continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie in the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies: —
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abash'd or weak;
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

“Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumber’d heads
Bow’d with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

“There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, — only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he.”

She gazed and listen’d and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild:—
“All this is when he comes.” She ceased.
The light thrill’d towards her, fill’d
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes pray’d, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

21. The Fiddler of Dooney.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come, at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance;
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With 'Here is the fiddler of Dooney!'
And dance like a wave of the sea.

William Butler Yeats.

22. The Seekers.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blessed
abode,
But the hope, the burning hope, and the road, the open
road.

Not for us are content, and quiet and peace of mind,
For we go seeking cities that we shall never find.

There is no solace on earth for us—for such as we—
Who search for the hidden beauty that eyes may never see.
Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind, and the
rain,
And the watch-fire under the stars, and sleep, and the
road again.

We seek the city of God, and the haunt where beauty
dwells,
And we find the noisy mart and the sound of burial bells;
Never the golden city, where radiant people meet,
But the dolorous town where mourners are going about
the street.

We travel the dusty road, till the light of the day is dim,
And sunset shows us spires away on the world's rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is past and by,
Seeking the holy city beyond the rim of the sky. —

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blessed
abode,

But the hope, the burning hope, and the road, the open
road.

John Masefield.

Chapter II. Man and Nature.

The Beauty of Nature.

23. Under the Greenwood Tree.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

William Shakespeare.

24. When Icicles hang by the Wall.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul, —
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who,—a merry note,—
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, —
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who,—a merry note,—
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

William Shakespeare.

25. A Snow Scene.

The keener tempests come; and fuming dun
From all the livid east or piercing north
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all,—save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar heads; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening-ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,

Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms—dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men—the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

J a m e s T h o m s o n (d. Ältere).

26. Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour: —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air . . .

Thomas Gray.

27. Majestic Night.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye? —

Thou, who didst put to flight
 Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
 O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
 That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul:
 My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Edward Young.

28. Night Song.

Star of descending night!
 Fair is thy light in the west!
 Thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud;
 Thy steps are stately on thy hill.
 What dost thou behold in the plain?
 The stormy winds are laid.

The murmur of the torrent comes from afar.
 Roaring waves climb the distant rock.
 The flies of evening are on their feeble wings;
 The hum of their course is on the field.
 What dost thou behold, fair light?
 But thou dost smile and depart.

The waves come with joy around thee;
 They bathe thy lovely hair.
 Farewell, thou silent beam!

.

It is night; I am alone,
 Forlorn on the hill of storms.
 The wind is heard in the mountain.
 The torrent pours down the rock.
 No hut receives me from the rain,
 Forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon, from behind thy clouds!

Star of the night, arise!
Lead me, some light, to the place where
My love rests from the chase alone!
His bow near him, unstrung;
His dogs panting around him.

But here I must sit alone.

By the rock of the mossy stream.
The stream and the wind roar aloud.
I hear not the voice of my love!

James Macpherson.

29. The Green Linnet.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread

Of spring's unclouded weather;
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:

Hail to thee, far above the rest

In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet, in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds and butterflies and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment:

A life, a presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
 Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
 Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless form he chose to feign,
 While fluttering in the bushes.

William Wordsworth.

30. Lines written in Early Spring.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played.
Their thoughts I cannot measure: —
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

William Wordsworth.

31. To Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad, may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats.

32. To Night.

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear —
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
 Kiss her until she be wearied out;
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand —
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingerin' like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
 Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me? — And I replied,
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon —
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, belovèd Night —
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

33. To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!	Thou dost float and run;
Bird thou never wert,	Like an unbodied joy whose
That from heaven, or near it	race is just begun.
Pourest thy full heart	
In profuse strains of un-	The pale purple even
premeditated art.	Melts around thy flight;
	Like a star of heaven
Higher still and higher	In the broad daylight
From the earth thou	Thou art unseen, but yet I
springest	hear thy shrill delight.
Like a cloud of fire;	
The blue deep thou wingest,	All the earth and air
And singing still dost soar,	With thy voice is loud,
and soaring ever singest.	As, when night is bare,
	From one lonely cloud
In the golden lightning	The moon rains out her
Of the sunken sun	beams, and heaven is over-
O'er which clouds are	flow'd.
bright'ning,	

What thou art we know
not;

What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there
flow not

Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence
showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes
and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love,
which overflows her bower:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much
sweet these heavy-winged
thieves.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are
thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood
of rapture so divine.

What objects are the foun-
tains

Of thy happy strain?

What fields, or waves, or
mountains?

What shapes of sky or
plain?

What love of thine own
kind? what ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew
love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow
in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those
that tell of saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy
we ever should come near.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then,
as I am listening now!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

34. Dirge in Woods.

A wind sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine-tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop
Like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so.

George Meredith.

35. In Still Midsummer Night.

In still midsummer night
When the moon is late
And the stars all watery and white
For her coming wait,
A spirit, whose eyes are possest
By wonder new,
Passeth—her arms upon her breast
Enwapt from the dew

In a raiment of azure fold
With diaper
Of flower'd embroidery of gold
Bestarr'd with silver.

The daisy folk are awake
Their carpet to spread,
And the thron'd stars gazing on her make
Fresh crowns for her head,

Netted in her floating hair
As she drifteth free
Between the starriness of the air
And the starry lea,

From the silent-shadow'd vale
By the west wind drawn
Aloft to melt into the pale
Moonrise of dawn.

Robert Bridges.

36. Evening.

The cricket sang,
And set the sun,
And workmen finished, one by one,
Their seam the day upon.

The low grass loaded with the dew,
The twilight stood as strangers do
With hat in hand, polite and new,
To stay as if, or go.

A vastness, as a neighbour, came —
A wisdom without face or name;
A peace, as hemispheres at home —
And so the night became.

Emily Dickinson.

37. Autumnal Clouds.

Autumnal clouds,
Giant sheers of sunlight!
In the evening poise your vaporous pinnacles
Above the low horizon of October plains
And wait there until morning.
Then leap forward, O hollow-flanked hounds of the sky;
Upon your prey, and bite it in red joy!

Long have I searched for you, O clouds of change,
Tiger-striped clouds that in the sunset
Open your scarlet mouths and clash your teeth of flame!
Long have I expected you, O clouds, to spit your rain
Upon the trees bored with too long a blossoming,
Sending showers of fallen leaves reeling upon the grass,
To lie there like fallen kisses.

Autumnal clouds,
Giant gods of sunset!
See, beneath you, gardens full of hollow voices
Of passion crying wearily for each other;
See, beneath you, lakes like blue eyes where in mist
The somnolent trees cover hidden whispers of love;
See, beneath you, white swans diving and flashing
Like dreams of hands that meet and clasp and part from
each other.

Come, shake the woods and fill its trees with voices
Menacing and full of evil;
You shall not destroy this one immortal heart
Which I pour out to you, autumnal clouds,
To you and to the winter that shall be.

Soon shall I see you now, magnificent clouds,
Move rank on rank in armour of pearl and gold
Across the noisy earth shaken with tempest!
Soon shall your batteries break upon my heart,
Where it waits calm wrapt in a dream of peace,
Amid the city hurling its towers at the sky.

Autumnal clouds,
Look! far there in the sunlight.
The glory floods you now, I see you plainly:
You are no more clouds to me, you are a woman,
White and rosy and gold and blue and beautiful.
You move across the sky, the dusk is at your feet,
The night is in your arms, the moon is on your breast,
The stars are in your eyes, the dawn is on your hair.
Drench me, drown me, darken me, make me drunken
 with deep red torrents of joy,
Till I forget all things in the world but this,
The glory of God everlasting, the fire of passion and death.

John Gould Fletcher.

38. To a Snowflake.

What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour?—
“God was my shaper.
Passing surmised,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind:—
Thou couldst not have thought me!

So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

Francis Thompson.

39. Silver.

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Walter de la Mare.

40. April.

Brighter than cloud,
White blossom stands
In orchard lands,
That now are loud
With every song.
An English Spring
And cheery bloom
Make the birds sing.

Even the bent,
Old, pottering,
Tottering farmer
Beams content.
White, as the cloud
Of cherry-bloom, blows
Hair that o'erflows
His shoulders bowed.

His girl, like some
Slim cherry tree
In her white dress,
Moves shiningly.
Her heaped hair
Is brightly dark;
Smooth as the clean,
Black cherry-bark.

He, nigh fourscore,
She, five-and-twenty,
Taste common plenty
Of April's store;
Beautiful together,
Under a spray
Of beauty, set
In nourishing clay.

Frederick William Harvey.

41. The Rainbow.

I watch the white dawn gleam
To the thunder of hidden guns;
I hear the hot shells scream
Through skies as sweet as a dream
Where the silver dawnbreak runs;
And stabbing of light
Scorches the virginal white;
But I feel in my being the old, high, sanctified thrill,
And I thank the gods that the dawn is beautiful still.

From death that hurtles by
I crouch in the trench day-long,
But up to a cloudless sky
From the ground where our dead men lie
A brown lark soars in song.
Through the tortured air,
Rent by the shrapnel's flare,
Over the troubleless dead he carols his fill,
And I thank the gods that the birds are beautiful still.

Where the parapet is low
And level with the eye,
Poppies and cornflowers grow,
And the corn sways to and fro
In a pattern 'gainst the sky;

The gold stalks hide
Bodies of men who died
Charging at dawn through the dew to be killed or to kill,
I thank the gods that the flowers are beautiful still.

When night falls dark we creep
In silence to our dead;
We dig a few feet deep
And leave them there to sleep—
But blood at night is red,
Yea, even at night,
And a dead man's face is white;
And I dry my hands, that are also trained to kill,
And I look at the stars—for the stars are beautiful still.

Leslie Coulson.

Love of Animals.

42. To a Mouse.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'rin pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane
 O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's win's ensuin',
 Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou'rt turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
 For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

Robert Burns.

43. Animals.

I think I could turn and live with animals; they are so
placid and self-contain'd.

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition;

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania
of owning things;

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived
thousands of years ago;

Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

Walt Whitman.

44. The Old Squire.

I like the hunting of the hare

Better than that of the fox;

I like the joyous morning air,

And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,

The ducks asleep by the lake,

The quiet hour which Nature yields,

Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things

Of the unsuspecting morn;

I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings

As she rises from the corn.

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush

From the turnips as I pass by,

And the partridge hiding her head in a bush,

For her young ones cannot fly.

I like these things, and I like to ride

When all the world is in bed,

To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,

And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse-heels trot
In silence after me;
There's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,
Old Slut and Margery:—

A score of names well used, and dear,
The names my childhood knew;
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,
Is the horn my father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox;
The new world still is all less fair
Than the old world it mocks.

I covet not a wider range
Than these dear manors give;
I take my pleasures without change,
And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbours to their thought;
My choice it is, and pride,
On my own lands to find my sport,
In my own fields to ride . . .

Nor has the world a better thing,
Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole king,
Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare;
It brings me, day by day,
The memory of old days as fair,
With dead men past away.

To these, as homeward still I ply,
And pass the churchyard gate
Where all are laid as I must lie,
I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare;
New sports I hold in scorn.
I like to be as my fathers were,
In the days ere I was born.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

45. A Runnable Stag.

When the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,
And apples began to be golden-skin'd,
We harbour'd a stag in the Priory coomb,
And we feather'd his trail up-wind, up-wind,
We feather'd his trail up-wind—
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,
And "Forwards" we heard the harbourer shout;
But 'twas only a brocket that broke a gap
In the beechen underwood, driven out,
From the underwood antler'd out
By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind
Was bent on sleep, though beam'd and tined
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North;
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune
Before we tufted the right stag forth,
Before we tufted him forth,
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.
"Tally ho! Tally ho!" and the hunt was up,
The tufters whipp'd, and the pack laid on,
The resolute pack laid on,
And the stag of warrant away at last,
The runnable stag, the same, the same,
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,
A stag, a runnable stag.

"Let your gelding be: if you check or chide,
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt;
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
On hunters accustom'd to bear the brunt,
Accustom'd to bear the brunt,
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The right, the runnable stag."

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,
The quarry went right ahead—
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far;
His antler'd crest, his cloven hoof,
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,
Of harbourer, hounds and all—
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
He ran, and he never was caught alive,
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turn'd at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep
In a wonderful vision of sleep,
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag in a jewell'd bed,
Under the sheltering ocean dead,
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
And he open'd his nostrils wide again,
And he toss'd his branching antlers high
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen,
As he raced down the echoing glen—
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,
Till he sank in the depths of the sea—
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag
That slept at last in a jewell'd bed
Under the sheltering ocean spread,
The stag, the runnable stag.

John Davidson.

46. The Snare.

I hear a sudden cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare:
Now I hear the cry again
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where
 He is calling out for aid;
 Crying on the frightened air,
 Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,
 Wrinkling up his little face,
 As he cries again for aid;
 And I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place
 Where his paw is in the snare:
 Little one! Oh, little one!
 I am searching everywhere!

J a m e s S t e p h e n s.

47. Stupidity Street.

I saw with open eyes
 Singing birds sweet
 Sold in the shops
 For the people to eat,
 Sold in the shops of
 Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
 The worm in the wheat,
 And in the shops nothing
 For people to eat;
 Nothing for sale in
 Stupidity Street.

R a l p h H o d g s o n.

48. Ducks.

Yes, ducks are valiant things
 On nests of twigs and straws,
 And ducks are soothly things
 And lovely on the lake
 When that the sunlight draws
 Thereon their pictures dim
 In colours cool.
 And when beneath the pool
 They dabble, and when they swim
 And make their rippling rings,
 O ducks are beautiful things!

But ducks are comical things:—
 As comical as you.
 Quack!
 They waddle round, they do.
 They eat all sorts of things,
 And then they quack.
 By barn and stable and stack
 They wander at their will;

But if you go too near
 They look at you through black
 Small topaz-tinted eyes
 And wish you ill.
 Triangular and clear
 They leave their curious track
 In mud at the water's edge,
 And there amid the sedge
 And slime they gobble and peer
 Saying "Quack! quack!"

Frederick William Harvey.

Love of the Earth.

49. A Prayer to Mother Earth.

Great Mother Nature! teach me, like thee,
 To kiss the season and shun regrets.
 And am I more than the mother who bore,
 Mock me not with thy harmony!
 Teach me to blot regrets,
 Great Mother! me inspire
 With faith that forward sets,
 But feeds the living fire,
 Faith that never frets for vagueness in the form.
 In life, O keep me warm!

For, what is human grief?
And what do men desire?
Teach me to feel myself the tree,
And not the withered leaf.
Fixed am I and await the dark to-be.

And, O, green bounteous Earth!
Bacchante Mother! stern to those
Who live not in thy heart of mirth;
Death shall I shrink from, loving thee?
Into the breast that gives the rose
Shall I with shuddering fall?

Earth, the mother of all
Moves on her steadfast way
Gathering, flinging, sowing.
Mortals, we live in her day;
She in her children is growing.

She can lead us, only she
Unto God's footstool, whither she reaches:
Loved, enjoyed her gifts must be,
Reverenced the truths she teaches,
Ere a man may hope that he
Ever can attain the glee
Of things without a destiny!
She knows not loss.
She feels but her need
Who the winged seed
With the leaf doth toss.

And may not men to this attain?
That the joy of motion, the rapture of being
Shall show strong light when our season is fleeing,
Nor quicken aged blood in vain,
At the gates of the vault, on the verge of the plain?
Life thoroughly lived is a fact in the brain,
While eyes are left for seeing.

Behold in yon stripped Autumn, shivering gray,
Earth knows no desolation;
She smells regeneration
In the moist breath of decay.

George Meredith.

50. Wanderthirst.

Beyond the East the sunrise; beyond the West the sea;
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let
me be;

It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye,
For the seas call, and the stars call, and oh! the call of
the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue
hills are,

But a man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide
a star;

And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is
heard,

For the rivers call, and the road calls, and oh! the call
of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail
away;

And come I may, but go I must and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun, and the
white road and the sky.

Gerald Gould.

51. A Vagabond Song.

There's something in the autumn that is native to my blood:
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

Bliss Carman.

52. The Lake Isle of Innisfree.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping
slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the
cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer and noon a purple glow.
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats.

53. August, 1914.

How still this quiet cornfield is to-night!
By an intenser glow the evening falls,
Bringing, not darkness, but a deeper light;
Among the stooks a partridge covey calls.

The windows glitter on the distant hill;
Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in the fold
Stumble on sudden music and are still:
The forlorn pinewoods droop above the wold.

An endless quiet valley reaches out
Past the blue hills into the evening sky;
Over the stubble, cawing, goes a rout
Of rooks from harvest, flagging as they fly.

So beautiful it is, I never saw
So great a beauty on these English fields,
Touched by the twilight's coming into awe,
Ripe to the soul and rich with summer's yields.—

These homes, this valley spread below me here,
The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts in pen
Have been the heart-felt things, past-speaking dear
To unknown generations of dead men,

Who, century after century, held these farms,
And, looking out to watch the changing sky,
Heard, as we hear, the rumours and alarms
Of war at hand and danger pressing nigh.

And knew, as we know, that the message meant
The breaking-off of ties, the loss of friends;
Death, like a miser getting in his rent,
And no new stones laid where the trackway ends.

The harvest not yet won, the empty bin,
The friendly horses taken from the stalls,
The fallow on the hill not yet brought in,
The cracks unplastered in the leaking walls.

Yet heard the news, and went discouraged home,
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,
With such dumb loving of the Berkshire loam
As breaks the dumb hearts of the English kind.

Then sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs,
And so by ship to sea, and knew no more
The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,
Nor the dear outline of the English shore;

But knew the misery of the soaking trench,
The freezing in the rigging, the despair
In the revolting second of the wrench
When the blind soul is flung upon the air,

And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign lands
For some idea but dimly understood
Of an English city never built by hands
Which love of England prompted and made good.—

If there be any life beyond the grave,
It must be near the men and things we love;
Some power of quick suggestion how to save,
Touching the living soul as from above.

And influence from the Earth, from those dead hearts
So passionate once, so deep, so truly kind,
That in the living child the spirit starts,
Feeling companioned still, and not behind.

Surely above these fields a spirit broods,
A sense of many watchers muttering near,
Of the lone Downland with the forlorn woods,
Loves to the death, inestimably dear.

A muttering from beyond the veils of Death
From long-dead men, to whom this quiet scene
Came among blinding tears with the last breath,
The dying soldier's vision of his queen.

All the unspoken worship of those lives
Spent in forgotten wars at other calls
Glimmers upon these fields where evening drives
Beauty like breath, so gently darkness falls;

Darkness that makes the meadow holier still;
The elm-trees sadden in the hedge, a sigh
Moves in the beech-clump on the haunted hill,
The rising planets deepen in the sky;

And silence broods like spirit on the brae,
A glimmering moon begins, the moonlight runs
Over the grasses of the ancient way
Rutted this morning by the passing guns.

John Masefield.

The Call of the Sea.

54. The Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me

Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

George Gordon Byron.

55. A Sea Song.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle, free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham.

56. In the Water.

The sea is awake, and the sound of the song of the joy of
her waking is rolled
From afar to the star that recedes, from anear to the wastes
of the wild wide shore.
Her call is a trumpet compelling us homeward: if dawn in
her east be acold,
From the sea shall we crave not her grace to rekindle the
life that it kindled before,
Her breath to requicken, her bosom to rock us, her kisses
to bless as of yore?
For the wind, with his wings half open, at pause in the sky,
neither fettered nor free,
Leans waveward and flutters the ripple to laughter: and
fain would the twain of us be
Where lightly the wave yearns forward from under the
curve of the deep dawn's dome,
And, full of the morning and fired with the pride of the
glory thereof and the glee,
Strike out from the shore as the heart in us bids and
beseeches, athirst for the foam.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

57. The Wreck of the Hesperus.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane;

Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"—
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?”—
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!”

“O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?” —
But the father answered never a word;
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank.
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!—

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt-sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt-tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

58. The Sea Wife.

There dwells a wife by the Northern Gate,
And a wealthy wife is she;
She breeds a breed o' rovin' men
And casts them over sea.

And some are drowned in deep water,
And some in sight o' shore,
And word goes back to the weary wife;
And ever she sends more.

For since that wife had gate or gear,
Or hearth or garth or bield,
She willed her sons to the white harvest,
And that is a bitter yield.

She wills her sons to the wet ploughing,
To ride the horse of tree;
And syne her sons come back again,
Far-spent from out the sea.

The good wife's sons come home again,
With little into their hands,
But the lore of men that ha' dealt with men
In the new and naked lands;

But the faith o' men that ha' brothered men
By more than easy breath,
And the eyes o' men that ha' read wi' men
In the open books of death.

Rich are they, rich in wonders seen,
But poor in the goods o' men;
So what they ha' got by the skin o' their teeth
They sell for their teeth again.

For whether they lose to the naked life
Or win to their hearts' desire,
They tell it all to the weary wife
That nods beside the fire.

Her hearth is wide to every wind
That makes the white ash spin;
And tide and tide and 'tween the tides
Her sons go out and in.

And some return by failing light,
And some in waking dream,
For she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts
That ride the rough roof-beam.

Home they come, home from all the ports,
The living and the dead;
The good wife's sons come home again
For her blessing on their head!

Rudyard Kipling.

59. Christmas at Sea.

The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could
stand,

The wind was a nor'-wester, blowing squally off the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;
But 't was only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay,
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout.
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tack'd and tack'd between the South Head and
the North;

All day we haul'd the frozen sheets, and got no further forth;
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tack'd from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race
roar'd;

But every tack we made we brought the North Head close
aboard;

So's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers running
high,

And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against
his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'longshore
home;

The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volley'd out;
And I vow we sniff'd the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial
cheer;

For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year),
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where
I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves
Go dancing round the china-plates that stand upon the
shelves!

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;
And O the wicked fool I seem'd, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessèd Christmas
Day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails!", I heard the captain
call.

"By the Lord, she'll never stand it", our first mate Jackson
cried.

—"It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.

She stagger'd to her bearings, but the sails were new and
good,

And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she
understood.

As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We clear'd the weary headland, and pass'd below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board
but me,

As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were
growing old.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

60. Burial in the Sea.

The full sea rolls and thunders

In glory and in glee.

O, bury me not in the senseless earth,

But in the living sea!

Ay, bury me where it surges
 A thousand miles from shore,
 And in its brotherly unrest
 I'll range for evermore.
 William Ernest Henley.

61. Sea Fever.

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and
 the sky;
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
 And the wheel's kick and the wind's song, and the white
 sail's shaking,
 And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.
 I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running
 tide
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
 And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-
 gulls crying.
 I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
 To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's
 like a whetted knife;
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
 And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's
 over.

John Masefield.

62. Nearing Cape Horn.

All through the windless night the clipper rolled
 in a great swell with oily gradual heaves
 Which rolled her down until the time-bells tolled
 Clang, and the weltering water moaned like beeves,
 The thundering rattle of slatting shook the sheaves,
 Startles of water made the swing ports gush,
 The sea was moaning and sighing and saying "Hush!"

It was all black and starless. Peering down
Into the water, trying to pierce the gloom,
One saw a dim, smooth, oily glitter of brown
Heaving and dying away and leaving room
For yet another. Like the march of doom
Came those great powers of marching silences;
Then fog came down, dead cold, and hid the seas . . .

Denser it grew, until the ship was lost;
The elemental hid her, she was merged
In mufflings of dark death like a man's ghost
New to the change of death, yet thither urged.
Then from the hidden waters something surged —
Mournful, despairing, great, greater than speech,
A noise like one slow wave on a still beach.

Mournful, and then again mournful, and still
Out of the night that mighty voice arose;
The Dauber at his fog-horn felt the thrill:
Who rode that desolate sea? What forms were those?
Mournful, from things defeated, in the throes
Of memory of some conquered hunting-ground,
Out of the night of death arose the sound.

'Whales,' said the mate. They stayed there all night long
Answering the horn, out of the night they spoke,
Defeated creatures who had suffered wrong,
But were still noble underneath the stroke.
They filled the darkness when the Dauber woke;
The men came peering to the rail to hear,
And the sea sighed and the fog rose up sheer.

So the night passed, but then no morning broke;
Only a something showed that night was dead.
A sea-bird, cackling like a devil, spoke,
And the fog drew away and hung like lead;
Like mighty cliffs it shaped, sullen and red,
Like glowering gods at watch it did appear,
And sometimes drew away and then drew near . . .

Then Polar snow came down little and light,
Till all the sky was hidden by the small
Most multitudinous drift of dirty white
Tumbling and wavering down and covering all,
Covering the sea, the sky, the clipper tall,
Furring the ropes with white, casing the mast,
Coming on no known air, but blowing past.

And all the air seemed full of gradual moan,
As though in those cloud-chasms the horns were blowing
The mort for gods cast out and overthrown,
Or for the eyeless sun plucked out and going.
Slow the low gradual moan came in the showing;
The Dauber felt the prelude had begun . . .

Then came the cry of "Call all hands on deck!"
The Dauber knew its meaning; it was come:
Cape Horn, that tramples beauty into wreck,
And crumples steel and smites the strong man dumb.
Down clattered flying kites and staysails: some
Sang out in quick, high calls; the fairleads skirled,
And from the south-west came the end of the world.

John Masefield.

Chapter III. Life and Death.

Youth and Age.

63. The Seven Ages of Man.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

William Shakespeare.

64. Gather the Rosebuds.

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,—
 The higher he's a getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer;
 But being spent, the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,—
 And while ye may, go marry;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

Robert Herrick.

65. Young and Old.

When all the world is young,	When all the world is old, lad,
lad,	And all the trees are brown;
And all the trees are green;	And all the sport is stale, lad,
And every goose a swan, lad,	And all the wheels run down,
And every lass a queen,—	Creep home, and take your
Then hey for boot and horse,	place there,
lad,	The spent and maimed
And round the world, away!	among:
Young blood must have its	God grant you find one face
course, lad,	there
And every dog his day. —	You loved when all was
	young!

Charles Kingsley.

66. Human Life.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years,
And froth and drift of the sea,
And dust of the labouring earth,
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day, and a night, and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;

Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein,
 A time for labour and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin;
 They gave him light in his ways,
 And love, and a space for delight,
 And beauty and length of days,
 And night, and sleep in the night.
 His speech is a burning fire;
 With his lips he travaileth;
 In his heart is a blind desire,
 In his eyes fore-knowledge of death;
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
 Sows, and he shall not reap.
 His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

67. Man's Days.

A sudden wakin', a sudden weepin',
 A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';
 A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,
 Wi' a power o' faith in gert to-morrows.

Young blood red-hot an' the love of a maid,
 One glorious day as 'll never fade;
 Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs, some tears,
 An' a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.

Then old man's talk o' the days behind 'e,
 Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;
 A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin':
 A li'l lew corner o' airth to lie in.

Eden Phillpotts.

68. The Ever Young.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!
We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—
That boy we call "Doctor", and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.
You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!
Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen—
And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the Boys!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Pageant of Life.

69. Fear no more the Heat o' the Sun.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

William Shakespeare.

70. Good-bye, Proud World!

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend; and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam,
A river-ark on the ocean-brine;
Long I 've been tossed like the driven foam.
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to flattery's fawning face;
To grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts and hasting feet,
To those who go and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone;
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;

Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

71. The Eddy of Life.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?—
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die—
Perish! and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

And there are some, whom a thirst —
Ardent, unquenchable—fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.

Ah yes, some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave!
We, we have chosen our path—
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance!—but it leads
A long, steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow! . . .

Friends who set forth at our side
Falter, are lost in the storm!
We, we only, are left!
With frowning foreheads, with lips
Sternly compress'd, we strain on,
On—and at nightfall, at last,
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs—
Holds his lantern to scan
Our storm-beat figures, and asks,
Whom in our party we bring,
Whom we have left in the snow.

Sadly we answer: We bring
Only ourselves! we lost
Sight of the rest in the storm!
Hardly ourselves we fought through,
Stripp'd, without friends, as we are!
Friends, companions, and train
The avalanche swept from our side.

Matthew Arnold.

72. A Psalm of Life.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again. —

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait!

. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

73. New Year's Eve.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient form of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness in the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

74. The Unconquerable Soul.

(Invictus.)

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll:
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley.

75. At the Crossroads.

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever—
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be for ever.

But whether we meet or whether we part,
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow-heart
On the way we are all going!

Here's luck!

For we know not where we are going.

Whether we win or whether we lose
With the hands that life is dealing,
It is not we nor the ways we choose,
But the fall of the cards that's sealing.

There's a fate in love and a fate in fight,
And the best of us all go under—
And whether we're wrong or whether we're right,
We win, sometimes, to our wonder.

Here's luck!

That we may not yet go under!

With a steady swing and an open brow
We have tramped the ways together,
But we're clasping hands at the crossroads now
In the Fiend's own night for weather;

And whether we bleed or whether we smile
In the leagues that lie before us,
The ways of life are many a mile
And the dark of Fate is o'er us,
Here's luck!

And a cheer for the dark before us!

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night
And it well may be for ever!

But whether we live or whether we die,
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!

Here's luck!

In the teeth of all winds blowing.

Richard Hovey.

76. If —.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run, —
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling.

77. Clifton Chapel.

This is the Chapel: here my son,
 Your father thought the thoughts of youth
 And heard the words that one by one
 The touch of Life has turned to truth.
 Here in a day that is not far
 You too may speak with noble ghosts
 Of manhood and the vows of war
 You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the cause above renown,
 To love the game beyond the prize,
 To honour, while you strike him down,
 The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
 To count the life of battle good,
 And dear the land that gave you birth,
 And dearer yet the brotherhood
 That binds the brave of all the earth—

My son, the oath is yours: the end
 Is His, who built the world of strife,
 Who gave His children Pain for friend,
 And Death for surest hope of life.
 To-day and here the fight's begun,
 Of the great fellowship you're free;
 Henceforth the School and you are one,
 And what You are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune: yet be sure,
 Among the lights that gleam and pass,
 You'll live to follow none more pure
 Than that which glows on yonder brass:
 "*Qui procul hinc*," the legend's writ,—
 The frontier-grave is far away—
 "*Qui ante diem perit*:
Sed miles, sed pro patria."

Henry Newbolt.

78. A Prayer.

Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Nor that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
Not for the remission of the peril and stings
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
Nor that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars
Thy wisdom sets about us; we shall climb
Unfetter'd to the secrets of the stars
In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift
When to refrain were well, and when fulfil,
Nor yet the understanding strong to sift
The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou hast reveal'd,
We know the golden season when to reap
The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,
The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from the rose,
The pure from stained, the noble from the base,
The tranquil holy light of truth that glows
On Pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees:
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent;
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent

The deed, the deed!

JOHN DRINKWATER.

Sweet Content.

79. A Wish.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet-gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

80. Gifts.

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail;
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health
On sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read:
And his home is bright with a calm delight,
Though the room be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,
As I, O my love, love thee;
And his heart is great with the pulse of Fate,
At home, on land, on sea.

James Thomson (d. Jüngere).

81. Truly Great.

My walls outside must have some flowers,
My walls within must have some books,
A house that's small; a garden large,
And in it leafy nooks.

A little gold that's sure each week;
That comes not from my living kind,
But from a dead man in his grave,
Who cannot change his mind.

A lovely wife, and gentle too;
Contented that no eyes but mine
Can see her many charms, nor voice
To call her beauty fine.

Where she would in that stone cage live,
A self-made prisoner, with me;
While many a wild bird sang around,
On gate, on bush, on tree.

And she sometimes to answer them,
In her far sweeter voice than all;
Till birds, that loved to look on leaves,
Will doat on a stone wall.

With this small house, this garden large,
This little gold, this lovely mate,
With health in body, peace at heart—
Show me a man more great.

William Henry Davies.

82. At Senlis Once.

O how comely it was and how reviving
When with clay and with death no longer striving
Down firm roads we came to houses
With women chattering and green grass thriving.

Now though rains in a cataract descended,
We could glow, with our tribulation ended—
Count not days, the present only
Was thought of, how could it ever be expended?

Clad so cleanly, this remnant of poor wretches
Picked up life like the hens in orchard ditches,
Gazed on the mill-sails, heard the church-bell,
Found an honest glass all manner of riches.

How they crowded the barn with lusty laughter,
Hailed the pierrots and shook each shadowy rafter,
Even could ridicule their own sufferings,
Sang as though nothing but joy came after!

Edmund Blunden.

83. Laugh and be Merry.

Laugh and be merry: remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span.
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant
of man.

Laugh and be merry: remember, in olden time,
God made Heaven and Earth for the joy He took in
a rhyme;
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine
of His mirth,
The splendid joy of the stars: the joy of the earth.
So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of
the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by;
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.
Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry, my friends.

John Masefield.

84. Christmas.

So now is come our joyfulest part:
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy-leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry!
Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas-blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And, if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
And evermore be merry! . . .

Then wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller? —
No, let us sing some roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller;
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring:
Woods, and hills, and everything
Bear witness we are merry!

George With er.

85. John Gilpin.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.
John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied: "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend, the calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin: "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane;
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew
Would trouble him much more

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs:
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise!"

Now Mistress Gilpin—careful soul!—
Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out: "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! He rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down,
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired!"
Said Gilpin: "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit".

Then, turning to his horse, said John,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell:
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run. . . .

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute!
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down. —

Now let us sing, long live the king!
And Gilpin long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

William Cowper.

86. Thrushes.

The City Financier
walks in the gardens,
stiffly, because of
his pride and his burdens.

The thrushes only
see a flat
table-land
of shiny hat.

The daisies, looking
up, observe
only a self-
respecting curve.

He looks importantly
about him,
while all the spring
goes on without him.

H u m b e r t W o l f e.

Friendship *).

87. Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

*) Hierzu gehören auch: «John Anderson my Jo» von Burns (vgl. Anhang, S. 247) und «Auld Lang Syne» von Burns (vgl. Anhang, S. 248).

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

William Shakespeare.

88. On A Dead Friend.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.
What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:
My love involves the loves before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.
Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

Alfred Tennyson.

89. Friends.

When I would muse in boyhood
The wild green woods among,
And nurse resolves and fancies
Because the world was young;
It was not foes to conquer,
Nor sweethearts to be kind,
But it was friends to die for
That I would seek and find.

I sought them far and found them,
 The sure, the straight, the brave,
 The hearts I lost my own to,
 The souls I could not save.
 They braced their belts about them,
 They cross'd in ships the sea,
 They sought and found six feet of ground,
 And there they died for me.

Alfred Edward Housman.

Love *).

90. True Love.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

William Shakespeare.

91. False Love.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in sea and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never:

*) Hierzu gehören auch die Volkslieder «Horo, my Nutbrown Maiden», «Oh, who will o'er the Downs so free» und «It's a Long Way to Tipperary» (Anhang S. 249, 224 u. 234).

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy:
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into Hey, nonny, nonny.

William Shakespeare.

92. Song.

Fresh from the dewy hill, the merry Year
 Smiles on my head, and mounts his flaming car:
 Round my young brows the laurel wreathes a shade,
 And rising glories beam around my head.

My feet are winged, while o'er the dewy lawn
 I meet my maiden risen like the morn.
 O bless those holy feet, like angel's feet.
 O bless those limbs, beaming with heavenly light!

Like as an angel glittering in the sky
 In times of innocence and holy joy;
 The joyful shepherd stops his grateful song
 To hear the music of an angel's tongue.

So, when she speaks, the voice of Heaven I hear;
 So, when we walk, nothing impure comes near.
 Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat;
 Each village seems the haunt of holy feet.

But, that sweet village where my black-eyed maid
Closes her eyes in sleep beneath night's shade
Whene'er I enter, more than mortal fire
Burns in my soul, and does my song inspire.

William Blake.

93. A Red, Red Rose.

O, my luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns.

94. O, wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

O, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw;
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare;
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

Robert Burns.

95. To Mary in Heaven.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
 That sacred hour can I forget?
 'Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace—
 Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!
 Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Robert Burns.

96. She walks in Beauty.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

George Gordon Byron.

97. The Young May Moon.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love.

How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear.
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love.
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear.
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

Thomas Moore.

98. Shy Love.

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,
Swift as the swallow along the river's light
Circling the surface to meet his mirrored winglets,
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.
Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,
Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,
She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!..

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows
Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.
No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder:
Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon.

Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,
Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no less:
Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with
hailstones

Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless . . .

Happy, happy time, when the white star hovers
Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,
Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,
Threading it with colour, like yew-berries the yew.
Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens,
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.
Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is, and secret;
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells . . .

Peering at her chamber the white crowns the red rose,
Jasmine winds the porch with stars two and three.
Parted is the window; she sleeps; the starry jasmine
Breathes a falling breath that carries thoughts of me.
Sweeter unpossessed, have I said of her my sweetest?
Not while she sleeps; while she sleeps the jasmine breathes,
Luring her to love; she sleeps; the starry jasmine
Bears me to her pillow under white rose-wreaths.

George Meredith.

99. The White Birds.

I would that we were, my belovèd, white birds on the
foam of the sea!

We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can fade and flee;
And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on
the rim of the sky,

Has awaked in our hearts, my belovèd, a sadness that
may not die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew-dabbled, the
lily and rose;

Ah, dream not of them; my belovèd, the flame of the
meteor that goes,

Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in the
 fall of the dew:
 For I would we were changèd to white birds on the
 wandering foam: I and you!
 I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a Danaan
 shore,
 Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow come
 near us no more;
 Soon far from the rose and the lily, and fret of the flames
 would we be,
 Were we only white birds, my belovèd, buoyed out on
 the foam of the sea!

William Butler Yeats.

100. Auld Robin Gray.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
 And a' the warld to rest are gane,
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
 But saving a croun he had naething else beside.
 To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
 And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
 When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa'.
 My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin.
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee
 Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me!"

My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
 His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
 Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me?

My father urgit sair: my mother didna speak;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:
They gie'd him my hand, but my heart was at the sea:
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it was he
Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

—O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss and I bad him gang away:
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why was I born to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

Lady Lindsay.

101. Thomas the Rhymer.

True Thomas lay on Huntley bank;
A ferly spied he wi' his ee:
There he saw a lady bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.
Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.
True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down on his knee:
"Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I ne'er did see."
"O no, O no; True Thomas," she said;
"That name does not belong to me.
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
And I'm come here for to visit thee

“Harp and carp, Thomas,” she said;
 “Harp and carp along wi’ me.
 And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
 Sure of your body I shall be.”

“Betide me weal, betide me woe,
 That weird shall never daunten me.”—
 Syne he has kiss’d her rosy lips,
 All underneath the Eildon Tree.

“Now ye maun go wi’ me,” she said;
 “True Thomas, ye maun go wi’ me.
 And ye maun serve me seven years,
 Thro’ weal or wae as may chance to be.”

She’s turn’d about her milk-white steed,
 And took True Thomas up behind;
 And aye, whene’er her bridle rang,
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

And they rade on and farther on,
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
 Until they reach’d a desert wide,
 And living land was left behind.

.
 He has gotten a coat o’ the even cloth,
 And a pair o’ shoon o’ the velvet green;
 And till seven years were come and gane,
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

Old Scottish Ballad.

102. Lord Lovel and Lady Nancie.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
 Combing his milk-white steed,
 When up came Lady Nanciebelle
 To wish her lover good speed, good speed;
 To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said;
Oh, where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my Lady Nanciebelle,
Strange countries for to see!"

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said;
"Oh, when will you come back?" said she.
In a year or two, or three at most,
I'll return to my Nancie."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head:
Lady Nanciebelle he would go to see.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
Till he came to London Town;
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said;
"Oh, what is the matter?" said he.
"A lady is dead", a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancie."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turned down;
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancie she died, as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancie she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancie was laid in St. Pancras' Church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a briar.

They grew and they grew to the church steeple-top,
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire.

Old English Ballad.

103. Sally in Our Alley.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

There 's ne'er a lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally.

She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday:

For then I'm drest all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally.

She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all
I'll give unto my honey:
And if it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally.

She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for she I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley;

But when my se'en long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally.
And then how happily we'll live—
But not in our alley!

Henry Carey.

104. A Woman's Love.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight,
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints.—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

105. Douglas.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,—
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do:
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Do you know the truth now, up in Heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy' of you, Douglas—
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.
Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,—
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

Dinah Maria Craik.

106. Young Lochinvar.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war—
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.
He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.
So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word):
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—
"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide.
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar:—
“Now tread we a measure!”, said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, “‘Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur—
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.—
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war;
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Walter Scott.

107. The Raven.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
“‘Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber
door—

Only this and nothing more.”

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to
borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating:

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door;

This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping; and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber
door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you.” Here I opened wide
the door—

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream
before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
"Lenore."

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word
"Lenore!"—

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,

Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window
lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore—

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt
and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of
yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped
or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it
wore:

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven wandering from the
nightly shore:

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian
shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber
door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke
only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.

Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he
fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have
flown before—

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden
bore—

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and
bust and door.

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird
of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated
o'er,—

But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating
o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
floor.

“Wretch!” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee, by these
angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted—

On this home by Horror haunted —tell me truly, I
implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me,
I implore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we
both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidens,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore.”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend,” I
shrieked, upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s Pluton-
ian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!— quit the bust above
my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is
dreaming;

And the lamplight o’er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor.

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Edgar Allan Poe.

Death.

108. Edward! Edward!

“Why does your brand so drop with blood?

Edward! Edward!

Why does your brand so drop with blood?

And why so sad go ye, O?” —

“O! I have killed my hawk so good,
Mother! Mother!

O! I have killed my hawk so good,
And I have no more but he, O!”

“Your hawk’s blood was never so red,
Edward! Edward!

Your hawk’s blood was never so red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O!” —

“O! I have killed my red-roan steed,
Mother! Mother!

O! I have killed my red-roan steed,
That was so fair and free, O!”

“Your steed was old and ye have p’enty more,
Edward! Edward!

Your steed was old and ye have plenty more,
Some other dule ye drie, O!” —

“O! I have killed my father dear,
Mother! Mother!

O! I have killed my father dear,
Alas, and woe is me, O!”

“And what penance will ye drie for that?
Edward! Edward!

And what penance will ye drie for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O!” —

“I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mother! Mother!

I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I’ll fare over the sea, O!”

“And what will ye do with your towers and your hall?
Edward! Edward!

And what will ye do with your towers and your hall?
They were so fair to see, O!” —

"I'll let them stand till they down fall,

Mother! Mother!

I'll let them stand till they down fall,

For here never more must I be, O!"

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife?

Edward! Edward!

And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,

When ye go over the sea, O?" —

"The world's room; let them beg through life

Mother! Mother!

The world's room; let them beg through life,

For them never more will I see, O!"

"And what will ye leave to your own mother dear?

Edward! Edward!

And what will ye leave to your own mother dear?

My dear son, now tell me, O!" —

"The curse of hell from me shall ye bear,

Mother! Mother!

The curse of hell from me shall ye bear:

Such counsels ye gave to me, O!"

Old Scottish Ballad (modernised spelling).

109. Crossing the Bar.

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea;

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,

When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

Alfred Tennyson.

110. Break, break, break!

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

111. The Final Goal of Ill.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring. —

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

Alfred Tennyson.

112. Prospice.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave:
The black minute's at end;
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again, —
And with God be the rest!

Robert Browning.

113. Three Fishers.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West, as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down.
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep;
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley.

114. Song.

When I am dead, my dearest,	I shall not see the shadows,
Sing no sad songs for me;	I shall not feel the rain;
Plant thou no roses at my	I shall not hear the nightin-
head,	gale
Nor shady cypress tree.	Sing on, as if in pain.
Be the green grass above me	And dreaming through the
With showers and dew-	twilight
drops wet;	That doth not rise nor set;
And if thou wilt, remember,	Haply I may remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.	And haply may forget.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

115. Requiescat.

Tread lightly, she is near	Lily-like, white as snow,
Under the snow;	She hardly knew
Speak gently, she can hear	She was a woman, so
The daisies grow.	Sweetly she grew.
All her bright golden hair	Coffin board, heavy stone,
Tarnished with rust;	Lie on her breast;
She that was young and fair	I vex my heart alone,
Fallen to dust.	She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
 Lyre or sonnet;
 All my life's buried here,
 Heap earth upon it.

Oscar Wilde.

116. Death Carol.

Come, lovely and soothing death;
 Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving:
 In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
 Sooner or later, delicate death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love.—But praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome? —
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come,
come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress;
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing
the dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and
feastings for thee;
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread
sky are fitting,
And life, and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star;
The ocean-shore and the husky whispering wave whose
voice I know;
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields
and the prairies wide;
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves
and ways
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.

Walt Whitman.

117. The Passing.

(Margaritae Sorori)

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
 And from the west,
 Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, gray city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
 Shine, and are changed. In the valley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night:
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep. —

So be my passing!
 My task accomplished and the long day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing;
 Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene:
 Death.

William Ernest Henley.

118. What the Bullet Sang.

O joy of creation,	I shall know him where he
To be!	All alone, [stands
O rapture, to fly	With the power in his hands
And be free!	Not o'erthrown;
Be the battle lost or won,	I shall know him by his face,
Though its smoke shall hide	By his godlike front and
the sun,	grace,
I shall find my love—the one	I shall hold him for a space
Born for me!	All my own!

It is he—O my love!
So bold!
It is I—all thy love
Foretold!

It is I—O love, what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
O sweet-heart! what is this
Lieth there so cold?

Bret Harte.

Town and Country.

119. Auburn's Decay.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made.
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride. —
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that asked but little room,
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Oliver Goldsmith.

120. Away from the City.

To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment?
 Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

John Keats.

121. London Town.

Oh London Town's a fine town, and London sights are rare,
 And London ale is right ale, and brisk's the London air;
 And busily goes the world there, but crafty grows the mind,
 And London Town of all towns I'm glad to leave behind.

Then hey for croft and hop-yard, and hill, and field, and pond,
 With Bredon Hill before me and Malvern Hill beyond,
 The hawthorn white i' the hedgerow, and all the spring's attire
 In the comely land of Teme and Lugg, and Clent, and Clee,
 and Wyre.

Oh London girls are brave girls, in silk and cloth o' gold,
 And London shops are rare shops, where gallant things are
 sold;

And bonnily clinks the gold there, but drowsily blinks the eye,
 And London Town of all towns I'm glad to hurry by.

Then hey for covert and woodland, and ash, and elm, and oak,
 Tewksbury inns, and Malvern roofs, and Worcester chimney-
 smoke,

The apple trees in the orchard, the cattle in the byre,
 And all the land from Ludlow town to Bredon church's spire.

Oh London tunes are new tunes, and London books are wise,
 And London plays are rare plays, and fine to country eyes;
 Wretchedly fare the most there, and happily fare the few,
 And London Town of all towns I'm glad to hurry through.

So hey for the road, the west road, by mill, and forge, and fold,
 Scent of the fern and song of the lark by brook, and field,
 and wold;

To the comely folk at the hearth-stone and the talk beside
 the fire,

In the hearty land, where I was bred, my land of heart's desire.

John Masefield.

122. A Street.

Two narrow files of houses scowl,
 Blackened with grime, on either side
 Of the road, and through them prowl
 Strange men and women, shifty-eyed
 And slinking, and a drink-shop throws
 Its flare of yellow light adown
 The crackèd pavement. The gutter flows,
 A turbid, evil stream. A clown,

Drink-sodden, lurches by and sings
Obscenely. A woman trails behind
With old, bad eyes; her clothing clings
Rain-soaked about her. No daring wind,
Light-hearted, from a garden blows
Its sweetness here from any rose.

J a m e s S t e p h e n s.

123. Week-end.

The train! The twelve o'clock for Paradise.

Hurry, or it will try to keep away.

Out in the country everyone is wise:

We can be only wise on Saturday.

There you are waiting, little friendly house:

Those are your chimney-stacks with you between,
Surrounded by old trees and strolling cows,

Staring through all your windows at the green.

Your homely floor is creaking for our tread;

The smiling teapot with contented spout

Thinks of the boiling water, and the bread

Longs for the butter. All their hands are out

To greet us, and the gentle blankets seem

Purring and crooning: "Lie in us, and dream".

H a r o l d M o n r o.

The Voice of the Poor.

124. Gold.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness,

The signet of its all-enslaving power,

Upon a shining ore, and called it gold:

Before whose image bow the vulgar great,

The vainly rich, the miserable proud,

The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,

And with blind feelings reverence the power

That grinds them to the dust of misery.

But in the temple of their hireling hearts
Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
All earthly things but virtue.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

125. The Factory at Night.

When soothing darkness spreads
O'er hill and vale,
And when the punctual stars,
While all things else are gathering to their homes,
Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful lord;
Then, in full many a region, that once was
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light,
Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes,
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge;
And at the appointed hour a bell is heard,
Of harsher import than the curfew-knell
That spoke the Norman Conqueror's stern behest:
A local summons to unceasing toil!
Disgorged are now the ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded door
And in the courts, and where the rumbling stream
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, maidens, youths
Mothers and little children, boys and girls
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice.—

William Wordsworth

126. To Iron-Founders and Others.

When you destroy a blade of grass
You poison England at her roots:
Remember no man's foot can pass
Where evermore no green life shoots...

Your worship is your furnaces,
Which, like old idols, lost obscenes,
Have molten bowels; your vision is
Machines for making more machines.

O, you are busied in the night,
Preparing destinies of rust;
Iron misused must turn to blight
And dwindle to a tetter'd crust.

The grass, forerunner of life, has gone,
But plants that spring in ruins and shards
Attend until your dream is done:
I have seen hemlock in your yards.

The generations of the worm
Know not your loads piled on their soil;
Their knotted ganglions shall wax firm
Till your strong flagstones heave and toil.

When the old hollow'd earth is crack'd;
And when, to grasp more power and feasts,
Its ores are emptied, wasted, lack'd,
The middens of your burning beasts

Shall be raked over till they yield
Last priceless slags for fashionings high,
Ploughs to wake grass in every field,
Chisels men's hands to magnify.

Gordon Bottomley.

127. Piper, play!

Now the furnaces are out,
And the aching anvils sleep;
Down the road the grimy rout
Tramples homeward twenty deep.
Piper, play! Piper, play!
Though we be o'erlaboured men,
Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
Let us foot it once again!

Bridled looms delay their din;
All the humming wheels are spent;
Busy spindles cease to spin;
Warp and woof must rest content.
Piper, play! Piper, play!
For a little we are free!
Foot it, girls, and shake your curls.
Haggard creatures though we be!

Racked and soiled the faded air
Freshens in our holiday;
Clouds and tides our respite share;
Breezes linger by the way.
Piper, rest! Piper, rest!
Now, a carol of the moon!
Piper, piper, play your best!
Melt the sun into your tune!

We are of the humblest grade;
Yet we dare to dance our fill:
Male and female were we made—
Fathers, mothers, lovers still!
Piper—softly; soft and low;
Pipe of love in mellow notes,
Till the tears begin to flow
And our hearts are in our throats!

Nameless as the stars of night
Far in galaxies unfurled,
Yet we wield unrivalled might,
Joints and hinges of the world!
Night and day! night and day!
Sound the song the hours rehearse!
Work and play! work and play!
The order of the universe!

Now the furnaces are out,
And the aching anvils sleep;
Down the road a merry rout
Dances homeward, twenty deep.
Piper, play! Piper, play!
Wearied people though we be,
Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
For a little we are free!

John Davidson.

128. Leisure.

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?
No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.
No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare!

William Henry Davies.

129. Rich and Poor.

Weep, weep, weep and weep
For pauper, dolt and slave!
Hark! from wasted moor and fen,
Feverous alley, stifling den
Swells the wail of Saxon men:
Work! or the grave!

Down, down, down and down
With idler, knave, and tyrant!
Why for sluggards stint and moil?
He that will not live by toil
Has no right on English soil!
God's word 's our warrant!

Up, up, up and up!
Face your game and play it!
The night is past, behold the sun!
The cup is full, the web is spun!
The Judge is set, the doom begun!
Who shall stay it?

Charles Kingsley.

130. Glenaradale.

There is no fire of the crackling boughs
On the hearth of our fathers,
There is no lowing of brown-eyed cows
On the green meadows,
Nor do the maidens whisper vows
In the still gloaming,—
Glenaradale.

There is no bleating of sheep on the hill
Where the mists linger,
There is no sound of the low hand-mill
Ground by the women,
And the smith's hammer is lying still
By the brown anvil,—
Glenaradale.

Ah! we must leave thee and go away
Far from Ben Luibh,
Far from the graves where we hoped to lay
Our bones with our fathers',
Far from the kirk where we used to pray
Lowly together,—
Glenaradale.

We are not going for hunger of wealth,
For the gold and silver,
We are not going to seek for health
On the flat prairies,
Nor yet for the lack of fruitful tilth
On thy green pastures,—
Glenaradale.

Content with the croft and the hill were we,
As all our fathers,
Content with the fish in the lake to be
Carefully netted,
And garments spun of the wool from thee,
O black-faced wether
Of Glenaradale!

No father here but would give a son
For the old country,
And his mother the sword would have girded on
To fight her battles:
Many 's the battle that has been won
By the brave tartans,—
Glenaradale.

But the big-horn'd stag and his hinds, we know.
In the high corries,
And the salmon that swirls in the pool below
Where the stream rushes
Are more than the hearts of men, and so
We leave thy green valley,—
Glenaradale.

Walter Chalmers Smith.

131. The Song of the Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band;
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O! Men with Sisters dear!
O! Men with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone:
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own;
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep.
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!

My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof, and this naked floor;
A table, a broken chair;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

“Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the Spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

Thomas Hood.

132. The Voice of Toil.

I heard men saying: Leave hope and praying,
 All days shall be as all have been;
 To-day and to-morrow bring fear and sorrow,
 The never-ending toil between.

When Earth was younger, 'mid toil and hunger,
 In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;
 Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
 And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go read in story their deeds and glory,
 Their names amidst the nameless dead;
 Turn then from lying to us slow-dying
 In that good world to which they led;

Where fast and faster our iron master,
 The thing we made, for ever drives,
 Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure
 For other hopes and other lives;

Where home is a hovel, and dull we grovel,
 Forgetting that the world is fair;
 Where no babe we cherish, lest its very soul perish;
 Where mirth is crime, and love a snare.

Who now shall lead us, what god shall heed us,
 As we lie in the hell our hands have won?
 For us are no rulers but fools and befoolers,
 The great are fallen, the wise men gone.

.
 I heard men saying: Leave tears and praying,
 The sharp knife heedeth not the sheep;
 Are we not stronger than the rich and the wronger,
 When they break over dreams and sleep?

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world grow older!
 Help lies in nought but thee and me;
 Hope is before us, the long years that bore us
 Bore leaders more than men may be.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we the living our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere earth grows older!
The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.

William Morris.

133. Labour.

We have fed you all for a thousand years,
And you hail us still unfed,
Tho' there's never a dollar of all your wealth
But marks the workers' dead.

We have yielded our best to give you rest,
And you lie on crimson wool;
For if blood be the price of all your wealth—
Good God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a mine blown skyward now
But we're buried alive for you;
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now
But we are its ghastly crew;

Go reckon our dead by the forges red,
And the factories where we spin;
If blood be the price of your cursèd wealth—
Good God, we ha' paid it in!

We have fed you all for a thousand years,
For that was our doom, you know,
From the days when you chained us in your fields
To the strike of a week ago.

You ha' eaten our lives and our babies and wives,
And we're told it's your legal share;
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth—
Good God, we ha' bought it fair!

Anonymous.

134. The Sons of Martha.

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited
that good part ;

But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the
careful soul and the troubled heart.

And because she lost her temper once, and because she
was rude to the Lord her Guest,

Her sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without
end, reprieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and
cushion the shock ;

It is their care that the gear engages, it is their care
that the switches lock.

It is their care that the wheels run truly ; it is their
care to embark and entrain,

Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by
land and main.

They say to mountains "Be ye removèd". They say to
the lesser floods "Be dry".

Under their rods are the rocks reprovèd—they are not
afraid of that which is high.

Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit—then is the
bed of the deep laid bare,

That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly
sleeping and unaware. . . .

They do not preach that their God will rouse them
a little before the nuts work loose.

They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave
their work when they damn-well choose.

As in the thronged and the lighted ways, so in the dark
and the desert they stand,

Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's
days may be long in that land.

Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a path
 more fair or flat;
 Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of Martha
 spilled for that!
 Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven, not as a witness
 to any creed,
 But simple service simply given to his own kind in their
 common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessèd—they know
 the angels are on their side.
 They know in them is the Grace confessèd, and for
 them are the Mercies multiplied.
 They sit at the feet—they hear the Word—they see
 how truly the Promise runs:
 They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—
 the Lord, He lays it on Martha's Sons!

Rudyard Kipling.

135. The Secret People.

Smile at us, pass us; but do not quite forget.
 For we are the people of England, that never have spoken
 yet.
 There is many a fat farmer that drinks less cheerfully,
 There is many a free French peasant who is richer and
 sadder than we.
 There are no folk in the whole world so helpless or so wise.
 There is hunger in our bellies, there is laughter in our eyes;
 You laugh at us and love us, both mugs and eyes are wet:
 Only you do not know us. For we have not spoken yet.

.

A war that we understood not came over the world and
 woke
 Americans, Frenchmen, Irish; but we knew not the things
 they spoke.

They talked about rights and nature and peace and the
people's reign:

And the squires, our masters, bade us fight; and never
scorned us again.

Weak if we be for ever, could none condemn us then;
Men called us serfs and drudges; men knew that we were men.

In foam and flame at 'Trafalgar, on Albuera plains,
We did and died like lions, to keep ourselves in chains,
We lay in living ruins; firing and fearing not

The strange fierce face of the Frenchmen who knew for
what they fought,

And the man who seemed to be more than man we strained
against and broke;

And we broke our own rights with him. And still we never
spoke . . .

They have given us into the hand of new unhappy lords,
Lords without anger and honour, who dare not carry their
swords.

They fight by shuffling papers; they have bright dead alien
eyes;

They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks
at flies.

And the load of their loveless pity is worse than the ancient
wrongs,

Their doors are shut in the evening; and they know no songs.

We hear men speaking for us of new laws strong and sweet,
Yet is there no man speaketh as we speak in the street.

It may be we shall rise the last as Frenchmen rose the first,
Our wrath come after Russia's wrath and our wrath be
the worst.

It may be we are meant to mark with our riot and our rest
God's scorn for all men governing. It may be beer is best.
But we are the people of England; and we have not spoken
yet.

Smile at us, pay us, pass us. But do not quite forget.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

Chapter IV. Home and Country.

Home and Family *).

136. The Homes of England.

The stately homes of England;
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England;
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England;
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bells' chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

*) Vergleiche hierzu die Lieder «Home, Sweet Home» von Payne (Anhang, S. 223) und «Sweet and Low» von Tennyson (Anhang, S. 226).

The cottage homes of England;
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England;
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

Felicia Hemans.

137. Home-Thoughts, from Abroad.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April 's there;
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture! —

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,—
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Robert Browning.

138. In Flanders.

I'm homesick for my hills again—
My hills again!
To see above the Severn plain
Unscabbarded against the sky
The blue high blade of Cotswold lie;
The giant clouds go royally
By jagged Malvern with a train
Of shadows.—Where the land is low
Like a huge imprisoning O
I hear a heart that's sound and high,
I hear the heart within me cry:
"I'm homesick for my hills again—
My hills again!
Cotswold or Malvern, sun or rain!
My hills again!"

Frederick William Harvey.

139. When I come Home.

When I come home, dear folk o' mine,
We 'll drink a cup of olden wine;
And yet, however rich it be,
No wine will taste so good to me
As English air. How I shall thrill
To drink it in on Hampstead Hill,
When I come home!

When I come home and leave behind
Dark things I would not call to mind,
I'll taste good ale and home-made bread,
And see white sheets and pillows spread;

And there is one who 'll softly creep
To kiss me ere I fall asleep
And tuck me 'neath the counterpane,
As if I were a boy again,
When I come home!

When I come home, from dark to light,
And tread the roadways long and white,
And tramp the lanes I tramped of yore,
And see the village greens once more,
And tranquil farms, the meadows free,
The friendly trees that nod to me,
And hear the lark beneath the sun,
'Twill be good pay for what I've done,
When I come home!

Leslie Coulson.

140. On Leaving Home.

As through the wild green hills of Wyre
The train ran, changing sky and shire
And far behind, a fading crest,
Low in the forsaken west
Sank the high-rear'd head of Clee,
My hand lay empty on my knee.
Aching on my knee it lay:
That morning half a shire away
So many an honest fellow's fist
Had well-nigh wrung it from the wrist.
Hand, said I, since now we part
From fields and men we know by heart,
For strangers' faces, strangers' lands—
Hand, you have held true fellows' hands.
Be clean then; rot before you do
A thing they 'd not believe of you.
You and I must keep from shame
In London streets the Shropshire name;
On banks of Thames they must not say
Severn breeds worse men than they;

And friends abroad must bear in mind
 Friends at home they leave behind.
 Oh, I shall be stiff and cold
 When I forget you, hearts of gold;
 The land where I shall mind you not
 Is the land where all 's forgot.
 And if my foot returns no more
 To Teme nor Corve nor Severn shore,
 Luck, my lads, be with you still
 By falling stream and standing hill,
 By chiming tower and whispering tree,
 Men that made a man of me.
 About your work in town and farm
 Still you'll keep my head from harm,
 Still you'll help me, hands that gave
 A grasp to friend me to the grave.

Alfred Edward Housman.

141. A Mother's Name.

I love the sound! The sweetest under heaven,
 That name of mother,—and the proudest, too.
 As babes we breathe it, and with seven times seven
 Of youthful prayers, and blessings that accrue,
 We still repeat the word, with tender steven.

Dearest of friends! dear mother! what we do
 This side the grave, in purity of aim,
 Is glorified at last by thy good name.

But how forlorn the word, how full of woe,
 When she who bears it lies beneath the clod!
 In vain the orphan child would call her so,—

She comes not back: her place is up with God.
 The wintry winds are wailing o'er the snow;

The flowers are dead that once did grace the sod.
 Ah, lose not heart! Some flowers may fade in gloom,
 But Hope's a plant grows brightest on the tomb!

Eric Mackay.

142. Dear Babe!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersèd vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! It thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! — For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.
Great universal Teacher! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

143. A Child's Laughter.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing.
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sun-dawn stirred.
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather;

One thing yet there is, that none
 Hearing ere its chime be done
 Knows not well the sweetest one
 Heard of man beneath the sun,
 Hoped in Heaven hereafter;
 Soft and strong and loud and light,
 Very sound of very light
 Heard from morning's rosiest height,
 When the soul of all delight
 Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
 Never forth such notes, nor told
 Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
 As the radiant mouth of gold
 Here that rings forth Heaven.
 If the golden-crested wren
 Were a nightingale—why, then,
 Something seen and heard of men
 Might be half as sweet as when
 Laughs a child of seven.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Love of Liberty *).

144. A Man 's a Man for all that!

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

*) Hierzu gehört auch «Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled» von Burns (s. Anhang S. 228).

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might:
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

145. On Liberty.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art;
 For there thy habitation is the heart —
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

George Gordon Byron.

146. The Minstrel-Boy^{*)}.

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"
 The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said: "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

Thomas Moore.

147. Forget not the Field.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
 The truest, the last of the brave,
 All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
 Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

^{*)} Die Melodie hierzu s. Anhang S. 250.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;
Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!
But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory,
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.
Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

Thomas Moore.

148. Seventy-Six.

What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh awaken'd land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!
Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Peal'd far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.
Then march'd the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gather'd waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold;

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And from the sods of grove and glen
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yester-eve,
And agèd sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deem'd it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flow'd at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallow'd to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorr'd—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

William Cullen Bryant.

149. England and America in 1782.

O thou, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine,
Who wrench'd their rights from thee.

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

Alfred Tennyson.

150. Song of the Free.

Pride of New England!
Soul of our fathers!
Shrink we all craven-like,
When the storm gathers?

What though the tempest be
Over us lowering,
Where's the New Englander
Shamefully cowering?

Graves green and holy
Around us are lying—
Free were the sleepers all,
Living and dying!

Back with the Southerner's
Padlocks and scourges!
Go—let him fetter down
Ocean's free surges!

Go—let him silence
Winds, clouds, and waters;
Never New England's own
Free sons and daughters!

Still be the tones of truth
Louder and firmer,
Startling the haughty South
With the deep murmur.

Free as our rivers are
Ocean-ward going—
Free as the breezes are
Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,
Haste we, and summon
Courage and loveliness,
Manhood and woman!

Deep let our pledges be:
Freedom for ever!
Truce with oppression,
Never, oh! never!

By our own birthright-gift,
Granted of Heaven—
Freedom for heart and lip,
Be the pledge given!

If we have whispered truth,
Whisper no longer;
Speak as the tempest does,
Stern and stronger.

God and our charter's right,
Freedom for ever!
Truce with oppression,
Never, oh! never!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Love of Country *).

151. Praise of England.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

*) Man vergleiche hierzu auch die Nationallieder «Rule, Britannia» (Anhang S. 254) und «Yankee Doodle» (Anhang S. 255).

This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands:
This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this England!

William Shakespeare.

152. Ye Mariners of England.

Ye mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

153. England, with all thy Faults.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines: nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.

William Cowper.

154. My Native Land.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
 From wandering on a foreign strand? —
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O, Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!

Walter Scott.

155. Home-Thoughts, from the Sea.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent
 To the North-West died away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red,
 Reeking into Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water
 Full in face Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest North-East distance
 Dawned Gibraltar grand and gray.
 "Here and here did England help me:
 How can I help England?"—say!

Robert Browning.

156. Recessional.

(1897.)

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire!
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word:—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! — Amen.

Rudyard Kipling.

157. England, my England.

What have I done for you,
 England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
 England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,
 England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England:—
"Take and break us: we are yours,
 England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England;
You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own!

You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England—

Round the Pit on your bugles blown!
Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old sea's delight,
England, my own;
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—

Out of heaven on your bugles blown!
William Ernest Henley.

158. England.

No lovelier hills than thine have laid
My tired thoughts to rest:
No peace of lovelier valleys made
Like peace within my breast.

Thine are the woods whereto my soul,
Out of the noontide beam,
Flees for a refuge green and cool
And tranquil as a dream.

Thy breaking seas like trumpets peal:
Thy clouds—how oft have I
Watched their bright towers of silence steal
Into infinity!

My heart within me faints to roam
In thought even far from thee:
Thine be the grave whereto I come,
And thine my darkness be.

Walter de la Mare.

159. The Eleventh Hour.

(1915.)

Is this to live?—to cower and stand aside
 While others fight and perish day by day?
 To see my loved ones slaughtered, and to say:—
 “Bravo! bravo! how nobly you have died!”

Is this to love?—to heed my friends no more,
 But watch them perish in a foreign land
 Unheeded, and to give no helping hand,
 But smile, and say, “How terrible is war!”

Nay, this is not to love, nor this to live!
 I will go forth; I hold no more aloof;
 And I will give all that I have to give,
 And leave the refuge of my father’s roof. —

Then, if I live, no man shall say, think I,
 “He lives, because he did not dare to die!”

Francis St. Vincent Morris.

160. In Flanders Fields.

In Flanders fields the ^{poppy} poppies blow
 Between the crosses, row on row,
 That mark our place; and in the sky
 The larks still bravely singing fly,
 Scarce heard amid the guns below.
 We are the Dead. Short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved; and now we lie
 In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
 To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch; be yours to lift it high.
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields.

John McCrae.

161. The Soldier.

(1914.)

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;

And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,

In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke.

162. The Wayside Burial.

They're bringing their recent dead!—No pomp, no show:

A dingy khaki crowd—his friends, his own.

I too would like—(God, how that wind does moan!)

To be laid down by friends: it's sweetest so!

A young life, as I take it; just a lad—

(How cold it blows; and that grey sky, how sad!)

And yet: "For Country"—so a man *should* die:

Comrade unkown, good rest to you!—Good-bye!

They're burying their dead!—I wonder now:

A wife?—or mother? Mother it must be,

In some trim home that fronts the English sea

(A sea-coast country; that the badges show).

And she?—I sense her grief, I feel her tears:
This, then, the garnered harvest of my years!
And he?—"For Country, dear, a man *must* die."
Comrade unknown, good rest to you!—Good-bye!

Walter L. Wilkinson.

163. The American Flag.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven;
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack;
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee
And smile to see thy splendours fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valour given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!—
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Joseph Rodman Drake.

164. The Prophecy of Concord Bridge.

This land o' ourn, I tell ye, 's gut to be
 A better country than man ever see.
 I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry
 Thet seems to say, "Break forth an' prophesy!"—
 O strange New World, thet yit wast never young,
 Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,
 Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed
 Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread
 An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
 Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains,
 Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain
 With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane.
 Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
 To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents;
 Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan
 Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
 An' whose free latch-string never was drawed in
 Against the poorest child of Adam's kin;
 The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
 In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!
 I see—

Jest here some dogs begun to bark,
 So thet I lost old Concord's last remark!
 I listened long, but all I seemed to hear
 Was dead leaves gossipin' on some birch-trees near;
 But ez they hedn't no gret things to say,
 An' 'sed 'em often, I come right away.

James Russell Lowell.

165. No Plebeian Race.

Who now shall sneer?
 Who dare again to say we trace
 Our lines to a plebeian race?—
 Roundhead and Cavalier!

Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;
Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,

They flit across the ear:

That is best blood that hath most iron in't
To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
For what makes manhood dear.

Tell us not of Plantagenets,
Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl
Down from some victor in a border-brawl!

How poor their outworn coronets,
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath
Our brave for honour's blazon shall bequeath,
Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets
Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears
With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

James Russell Lowell.

166. Barbara Fritchie.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep:
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead;

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash;
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill
And shook it forth with a royal will.—
“Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman’s deed and word.

“Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog.—March on!” he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long the free flag toss’d
Over the heads of the rebel host;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well.

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,—
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below, in Frederick town!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

167. Beat! Beat! Drums!

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows, through doors, burst like a ruthless
force
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation;
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he
have now with his bride;
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or
gathering his grain;
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you
bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities, over the rumble of wheels in the
streets.
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No
sleepers must sleep in those beds;
No bargainers' bargains by day, no brokers' or speculators';
Would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? Would the singer attempt
to sing?

Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before
the judge?

Then rattle quicker, heavier, drums—you bugles, wilder
blow!

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley, stop for no expostulation;
Mind not the timid, mind not the weeper or prayer;
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man;
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's
entreaties;
Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie
awaiting the hearses;
So strong you thump, O terrible drums! So loud you bugles
blow!

Walt Whitman.

168. On a Soldier fallen in the Philippines.

Streets of the roaring town,
Hush for him, hush, be still!
He comes, who was stricken down
Doing the word of our will.
Hush! Let him have his state,
Give him his soldier's crown.
The grists of trade can wait
Their grinding at the mill,
But he cannot wait for his honour, now the trumpet
has been blown;
Wreath pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his
breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll
Till the clashing air is dim.
Did we wrong this parted soul?
We will make it up to him.

Toll! Let him never guess
What work we set him to.
Laurel, laurel, yes;
He did what we bade him do.
Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight
he fought was good;
Never a word that the blood on his sword was his country's
own heart's-blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;
O, banners, banners here,
That he doubt not nor misgive!
That he heed not from the tomb
The evil days draw near
When the nation, robed in gloom,
With its faithless past shall strive.
Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went
wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land where she stumbled
and sinned in the dark.

William Vaughan Moody.

Fighting Spirit.

169. Hunting in the Cheviot Hills.

The Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
He said he would kill and carry them away:
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will let that hunting if that I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough came,
With him a mighty meinee;
With fifteen hundred archers bold:
They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monanday at morn
In Cheviot, the hills so hie;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.

The drivers through the woodès went
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bickered upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild through the woodès went,
On every side sere;
Greyhounds through the grovès glent
For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot the hills aboon,
Early on a Monanday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
A hundred fat hartès dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
They assembled on sides sere;
To the quarry then the Percy went
To see the brittling of the deer.

He said: "It was the Douglas's promise
This day to meet me here;
But I wist he would fail, verament";
A great oath the Percy sware.

At the last a squire of Northumberland
Looked at his hand full nie;
He was ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meinie:

Both with spear, bill, and brand;
It was a mighty sight to see.
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand,
Were not in Christiantè.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good
Withouten any fail;
They were born along by the water of Tweed,
In the bounds of Tevydale.

“Leave off the brittling of the deer,” he said,
“And to your bows take good heed;
For sith ye were of your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need.”

The doughty Douglas on a steed,
He rode all his men beforne;
His armour glittered as did a gleed;
A bolder barn was never born.

“Tell me what men ye are,” he says,
“Or whose men that ye be:
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
Cheviot chase in the spite of me?”

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good lord Percy:
“We will not tell thee what men we are,” he says,
“Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In the spite of thine and of thee.

“The fattest hartès in all Cheviot
We have killed, and cast to carry them away.”
“By my troth,” said the doughty Douglas again,
“Therefore the t’one of us shall die this day.”

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the lord Percy:
“To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas, it were great pity!

“But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl called within my country:
Let all our men upon a party stand;
And do the battle of thee and of me.”

“Now Christ’s curse on his crown,” said the lord Percy,
“Whosoever thereto says nay;
By my troth, doughty Douglas,” he says,
“Thou shalt never see that day.

“Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Of woman born there’s none,
But, an fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him, one man for one.”

Then spake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Withrington was his name:
“It shall never be told in South-England,” he says,
“To King Harry the Fourth for shame.

“I wot you be great lordès two,
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself, and look on;
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not fail both heart and hand.” —

That day, that day, that dreadful day!
The first Fytte here I find;
An you’ll hear more of the Chevy Chase,
Yet is there more behind.

Thomas Percy.

170. Gathering Song of Donald the Black.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,	Come away, come away,
Pibroch of Donuil,	Hark to the summons!
Wake thy wild voice anew,	Come in your war-array,
Summon Clan Conuil.	Gentles and commons!

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.

Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one!

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;

Leave the deer, leave the
Leave nets and barges: [steer,
Comewithyourfighting gear,
Broadwords and targes!

Come as the winds come,
Forests are rended; [when
Come as the waves come,
Navies are stranded. [when
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster:

Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come;

See how they gather!

Wide waves the eagle plume

Blended with heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,

Knell for the onset!

Walter Scott.

171. A Call to Arms.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage,

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

Let it pry through the portage of the head,

Like the brass canon. Let the brow o'erwhelm it,

As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,

Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war.—And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture. Let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot:
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry: "God for Harry, England, and St. George!"

William Shakespeare.

172. Drake's Drum.

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

“Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder 's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drumm'd them
long ago.”

Drake he 's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found
him long ago!

Henry Newbolt.

173. The Old Navy.

The captain stood on the carronade; — “First lieutenant,”
says he,
“Send all my merry men after here, for they must list
to me.—
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred
to the sea;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gain'd the
victory!
“That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take she,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one that she will capture we.
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man to his gun;
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's
son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been
to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gain'd the
victory!”

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;

"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff."

Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to he. —

"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gain'd the victory!"

Our captain sent for all of us: "My merry men," said he, "I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be: You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun;

If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogg'd each mother's son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea, I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory!"

Frederick Marryat.

174. The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward;

All in the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!

Charge for the guns!" he said;

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"

Was there a man dismay'd?

Not tho' the soldier knew

Some one had blunder'd;

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,

Back from the mouth of Hell;
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

Alfred Tennyson.

175. The Song of the Sword.

In the beginning,	For a proof of His will
Ere God inspired Himself	To the breaking intelli-
Into the clay thing	gence;
Thumbed to His image,	That was the birth of me:
The vacant, the naked shell	I am the Sword.
Soon to be Man:
Thoughtful He pondered it,	Heroes, my children,
Prone there and impotent,	Follow, O follow me;
Fragile, inviting	Follow, exulting
Attack and discomfiture:	In the great light that
Then, with a smile—	breaks
As He heard in the Thunder	From the sacred companion-
That laughed over Eden	ship.
The voice of the Trumpet,	Thrust through the fatuous,
The iron Beneficence,	Thrust through the fungous
Calling His dooms	brood
To the Winds of the World—	Spawned in my shadow
Stooping, He drew	And gross with my gift!
On the sand with His finger	Thrust through, and harken;
A shape for a sign	O hark! to the Trumpet,
O! His way to the eyes	The Virgin of Battles,
That in wonder should	Calling, still calling you
waken,	Into the Presence,

Heroes and Hero-worship.

176. The Passing of Arthur.

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
“My end draws nigh; ’tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.”

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro’ his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O’er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro’ the place of tombs.

But, as he walk’d, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh’d the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, “Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.”

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk’d,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash’d his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang’d round him, as he bas’d
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms—
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur: "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,

When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Alfred Tennyson.

177. The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Charles Wolfe.

178. The Eve of Waterloo.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is —the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;

And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips:—"The foe! They come!
they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes.
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.
 Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms, the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!—
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

George Gordon Byron.

179. Ode on the Death of Wellington.

Bury the Great Duke with an empire's lamentation;
 Let us bury the Great Duke
 To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation
 Mourning when their leaders fall;
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
 Here, in streaming London's central roar.
 Let the sound of those he wrought for,
 And the feet of those he fought for,
 Echo round his bones for evermore.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
 As fits an universal woe,
 Let the long, long procession go,

And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.

Mourn for the man of amplest influence.

Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

O good grey head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was *he* whom we deplore.—

The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.

The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more . . .

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers;
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought and kept it ours,
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;

O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

Alfred Tennyson.

180. O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
is won;

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring.

But, O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning.

Here, Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won.

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.

181. Abraham Lincoln walks at Midnight.

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down;

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long,
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks of men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why;
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come—the shining hope of Europe free:
A league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that things must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

Vachel Lindsay.

182. Tommy.

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy,
go away";

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band
begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins
to play,

O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band
begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in
the stalls!

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy,
wait outside";

But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's
on the tide,

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's
on the tide,

O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's
on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you
sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation
cheap;

An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy,
'ow 's yer soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin
to roll,

The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin
to roll,

O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin
to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards
too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy,
fall be'ind";

But it's "Please to walk in front, sir", when there's
trouble in the wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble
in the wind,

O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's
trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to
our face:

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him
out, the brute!"

But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin
to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything
you please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool —you bet that
Tommy sees!

Rudyard Kipling.

183. That Day!

It got beyond all orders, an' it got beyond all 'ope;

It got to shammin' wounded an' retirin' from the 'alt.
'Ole companies was lookin' for the nearest road to slope;
It were just a bloomin' knock-out—an' our fault!

Now there ain't no chorus 'ere to give,

Nor there ain't no band to play;

An' I wish I was dead 'fore I done what I did,
Or seen what I seed that day!

We was sick o' bein' punished, an' we let 'em know it, too;

An' a company-commander up an' 'it us with a sword,
An' some one shouted "'Ook it!" an' it came to sove-ki-poo,
An' we chucked our rifles from us—O my Gawd!

There was thirty dead an' wounded on the ground we
couldn't keep—

No, there wasn't more than twenty when the front begun
to go;

But, Christ! along the line o' flight they cut us up like sheep,
An' that was all we gained by doin' so.

I 'eard the knives be'ind me, but I durstn't face my man,
Nor I don't know where I went to, 'cause I didn't 'alt
to see,

Till I 'eard a beggar squealin' out for quarter as 'e ran,
'An I thought I knew the voice an'—it was me!

We was 'idin' under bedsteads more than 'arf a march away;

We was lyin' up like rabbits all about the country side;
An' the major cursed 'is Maker 'cause 'e lived to see that day,
An' the colonel broke 'is sword acrost, an' cried.

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind—
“Play up! play up! and play the game!”

Henry Newbolt.

185. To Women.

Your hearts are lifted up, your hearts
That have foreknown the utter price.
Your hearts burn upward like a flame
Of splendour and of sacrifice.

For you, you too, to battle go,
Not with the marching drums and cheers
But in the watch of solitude
And through the boundless night of fears.

Swift, swifter than those hawks of war,
Those threatening wings that pulse the air,
Far as the vanward ranks are set,
You are gone before them, you are there!

And not a shot comes blind with death,
And not a stab of steel is pressed
Home, but invisibly it tore
And entered first a woman's breast.

Amid the thunder of the guns,
The lightnings of the lance and sword,
Your hope, your dread, your throbbing pride,
Your infinite passion is outpoured

From hearts that are as one high heart
Withholding naught from doom and bale,
Burningly offered up—to bleed,
To bear, to break, but not to fail!

Laurence Binyon.

186. The Mother.

I do not grudge them: Lord, I do not grudge
My two strong sons that I have seen go out
To break their strength and die, they and a few,
In bloody protest for a glorious thing;
They shall be spoken of among their people,
The generations shall remember them,
And call them blessed.

But I will speak their names to my own heart
In the long nights;
The little names that were familiar once
Round my dead hearth.

Lord, thou art hard on mothers:
We suffer in their coming and their going;
And though I grudge them not, I weary, weary
Of the long sorrow.—And yet I have my joy:
My sons were faithful, and they fought.

Padraic Pearse.

187. To the Forgotten Dead.

To the forgotten dead,
Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.
To every fervent yet resolvèd heart
That brought its tameless passion and its tears,
Renunciation and laborious years,
To lay the deep foundations of our race,
To rear its mighty ramparts overhead
And light its pinnacles with golden grace:

To the unhonoured dead.

To the forgotten dead,

Whose dauntless hands were stretched to grasp the rein
Of Fate and hurl into the void again
Her thunder-hoofèd horses, rushing blind
Earthward along the courses of the wind.
Among the stars, along the wind in vain
Their souls were scattered and their blood was shed;
And nothing, nothing of them doth remain:

To the thrice-perished dead.

Margaret Louisa Woods.

The World War.

188. Men who march away.

(Song of the Soldiers.)

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
Leaving all that here can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye,
Who watch us stepping by
With doubt and dolorous sigh?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you?
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We well see what we are doing,
Though some may not see—
Dalliers as they be—
England's need are we;

Her distress would leave us rueing:
Nay. We'll see what we are doing,
Though some may not see.

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
Leaving all that here can win us;
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away.

Thomas Hardy.

189. Ypres.

She was a city of patience; of proud name,
Dimmed by neglecting Time; of beauty and loss;
Of acquiescence in the creeping moss.
But on a sudden fierce destruction came
Tigerishly pouncing: thunderbolt and flame
Showered on her streets, to shatter them and toss
Her ancient towers to ashes. Riven across,
She rose, dead, into never-dying fame.
White against heavens of storm, a ghost, she is known
To the world's ends. The myriads of the brave
Sleep round her. Desolately glorified,
She, moon-like, draws her own far-moving tide
Of sorrow and memory; toward her, each alone,
Glide the dark Dreams that seek an English grave.

Laurence Binyon.

190. The Flyer.

Through vast	Away
Realms of air	Height upon height;
We passed	And play
On wings all-whitely fair.	In God's great Lawns of Light.
Sublime	And He
On speeding wing	Guides us safe home
We climb	To see
Like an unfettered Thing.	The Fields He bade us roam.

Francis St. Vincent Morris.

191. France, 1917.

On every road War spilled her hurried men,
 And I saw their courage, young and eagle-strong.
 They were sick for home—for far-off valley or moor,
 For the little fields and lanes, and the lamp-red door;
 For the lit town and the traffic's husky song.
 Great love I saw, though these men feared the name
 And hid their greatness as a kind of shame
 I found honour here at last on the earth, where man faced
 man;

It reached up like a lily from the filth and flies,
 It grew from war as a lily from manure.
 Out of the dark it burst, undaunted, sure,
 As the crocus, insolent under slaty skies,
 Strikes a green sword-blade through the stubborn mould,
 And throws in the teeth of winter its challenge of gold.

Cameron Wilson.

192. Counter-Attack.

We'd gained our first objective hours before
 While dawn broke like a face with blinking eyes,
 Pallid, unshaved and thirsty, blind with smoke.
 Things seemed all right at first. We held their line,

With bombers posted, Lewis guns well placed,
And clink of shovels deepening the shallow trench.
The place was rotten with dead; green clumsy legs
High-booted, sprawled and grovelled along the saps;
And trunks, face downward in the sucking mud,
Wallowed like trodden sand-bags loosely filled;
And naked sodden buttocks, mats of hair,
Bulged, clotted heads, slept in the plastering slime.
And then the rain began,—the jolly old rain!

A yawning soldier knelt against the bank,
Staring across the morning blar with fog;
He wondered when the Allemands would get busy;
And then, of course, they started with five-nines
Traversing, sure as fate, and never a dud.
Mute in the clamour of shells he watched them burst
Spouting dark earth and wire with gusts from hell,
While posturing giants dissolved in drifts of smoke.
He crouched and flinched, dizzy with galloping fear,
Sick for escape,—loathing the strangled horror
And butchered, frantic gestures of the dead.

An officer came blundering down the trench:
“Stand-to and man the fire-step!” On he went.—
Gasping and bawling, “Fire-step,—counter-attack!”
Then the haze lifted. Bombing on the right
Down the old sap: machine-guns on the left;
And stumbling figures looming out in front.
“O Christ, they’re coming at us!” Bullets spat,
And he remembered his rifle,—rapid fire—
And started blazing wildly,—then a bang
Crumpled and spun him sideways, him out
To grunt and wriggle: none heeded him; he choked
And fought the flapping veils of smothering gloom,
Lost in a blurred confusion of yells and groans.—
Down, and down, and down he sank and drowned,
Bleeding to death. The counter-attack had failed.

Siegfried Sassoon.

193. Night on the Convoy.

Out in the blustering darkness, on the deck
A gleam of stars looks down. Long blurs of black,
The lean Destroyers, level with our track,
Plunging and stealing, watch the perilous way
Through backward racing seas and caverns of chill spray.

One sentry, by the davits, in the gloom
Stands mute; the boat heaves onward through the night.
Shrouded is every chink of cabined light:
And sluiced by floundering waves that hiss and boom
And crash like guns, the troop-ship shudders:—doom.

Now something at my feet stirs with a sigh;
And slowly growing used to groping dark,
I know that the hurricane-deck, down all its length,
Is heaped and spread with lads in sprawling strength,—
Blanketed soldiers sleeping. In the stark
Danger of life at war, they lie so still,
All prostrate and defenceless, head by head.—
And I remember Arras, and that hill
Where dumb with pain I stumbled among the dead.

We are going home. The troop-ship, in a thrill
Of fiery-chamber'd anguish, throbs and rolls.
We are going home—victims—three thousand souls.

Siegfried Sassoon.

194. A Rendezvous with Death.

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear. —

But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true;
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Alan Seeger.

195. Epitaph.

These, who desired to live, went out to death:
Dark underground their golden youth is lying.
We live: and there is brightness in our breath;
They could not know—the splendour of their dying.

Lascelles Abercrombie.

196. For the Fallen.

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free,

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle; they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night.

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

Laurence Binyon.

197. Base Details.

If I were fierce, and bald, and short of breath,
I'd live with scarlet Majors at the Base,
And speed glum heroes up the line to death.
You'd see me with my puffy petulant face,
Guzzling and gulping in the best hotel,

Reading the Roll of Honour. "Poor young chap",
I'd say— "I used to know his father well;
Yes, we've lost heavily in this last scrap."
And when the war is done and youth stone dead,
I'd toddle safely home and die—in bed.

Siegfried Sassoon.

198. Aftermath.

Have you forgotten yet? —

For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged
days,

Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city ways:
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts
that flow

Like clouds in the lit heaven of life; and you're a man
reprieved to go,

Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.

But the past is just the same, and War's a bloody game. —

Have you forgotten yet? —

*Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll
never forget.*

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at
Mametz,—

The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sand-
bags on parapets?

Do you remember the rats; and the stench

Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench,—

And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless
rain?

Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack,—

And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook
you then

As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your
men?

Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads,—those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?
Have you forgotten yet? —
Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll
never forget.

Siegfried Sassoon.

The Call of the Empire.

199. The Song of the Dead.

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
We have strewed our best to the weed's unrest
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—
But slinks our dead on the sands forlorn,
From the Ducies to the Swin.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride;
As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,
Or the wreck that struck last tide—
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.

If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!

Rudyard Kipling.

200. The Settlers.

How green the earth, how blue the sky;
How pleasant all the days that pass,
Here where the British settlers lie
Beneath their cloaks of grass!

Here ancient peace resumes her round,
And rich from toil stand hill and plain;
Men reap and store; but they sleep sound,
The men who sow'd the grain.

Hard to the plough their hands they put,
And wheresoe'er the soil had need
The furrow drave, and underfoot
They sow'd themselves for seed.

Ah! not like him whose hand made yield
The brazen kine with fiery breath,
And over all the Colchian field
Strew'd far the seeds of death;

Till, as day sank, awoke to war
The seedlings of the dragon's teeth,
And death ran multiplied once more
Across the hideous heath.

But rich in flocks be all these farms,
And fruitful be the fields which hide
Brave eyes that loved the light, and arms
That never clasp'd a bride!

O willing hearts turn'd quick to clay,
Glad lovers holding death in scorn;
Out of the lives ye cast away
The coming race is born.

Laurence Housman.

201. Cargoes.

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

John Masefield.

202. Empire Day.

(A Song for Geography.)

The earth is a place on which England is found,
And you find it however you twirl the globe round;
For the spots are all red and the rest is all gray,
And that is the meaning of Empire Day.
Gibraltar's a rock that you see very plain,
And attached to its base is the district of Spain.
And the island of Malta is marked further on,
Where some natives were known as the Knights of St. John.

Then C^eyperus, and east to the Suez Canal,
 That was conquered by Dizzy and Rothschild his pal
 With the Sword of the Lord in the old English way;
 And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

Our principal imports come far as Cape Horn;
 For necessities, cocoa; for luxuries, corn;
 Thus Brahmins are born for the rice-field, and thus
 The Gods made the Greeks to grow currants for us;
 Of earth's other tributes are plenty to choose,
 Tobacco and petrol and Jazzing and Jews;
 The Jazzing will pass, but the Jews they will stay;
 And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

Our principal exports, all labelled and packed,
 At the ends of the earth are delivered intact:
 Our soap or our salmon can travel in tins
 Between the two poles and as like as two pins;
 So that Lancashire merchants whenever they like
 Can water the beer of a man in Klondike
 Or poison the meat of a man in Bombay;
 And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

203. Battle Hymn of the American Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
 are stored;

He hath loosed the fatal lightning of the terrible swift sword:
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
 camps;

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and
 damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
 lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnish'd rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel!

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his Judgment
Seat;

O, be swift, my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

204. O Mother of a Mighty Race.

O Mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints the morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones—
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.

They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
 Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe!

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades;
 What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen.

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By the lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
 In woodland homes,
And where the solemn ocean foams!

There 's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth 's down-trodden and oppressed,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved labourer toil and bread.

 Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.

Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,

 And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
 Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die!

William Cullen Bryant.

205. To the West! To the West!

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free;
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea:
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil;
Where children are blessings, and he who hath most,
Hath aid for his fortune and riches to boast;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest:
Away, far away, to the Land of the West.

To the West! to the West! where the rivers that flow
Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go;
Where the green waving forests that echo our call
Are wide as old England, and free to us all;
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have roll'd,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are like oceans in storm and in rest:
Away, far away, to the Land of the West!

To the West! to the West! There is wealth to be won;
The forest to clear is the work to be done:
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine, and breath in the air.
The bold independence that labour shall buy
Shall strengthen our hands, and forbid us to sigh.
Away! far away! Let us hope for the best,
And build up new homes in the Land of the West.

Charles Mackay.

206. Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready;
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of
danger,
We, the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there
beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind;
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world;
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labour and
the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go the un-
known ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we, and piercing deep the
mines within;
We the surface broad surveying, and the virgin soil up-
heaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless, restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love
for all!
O I mourn and yet exult—I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

On and on, the compact ranks,
With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead
quickly filled,

Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never
stopping,

Pioneers! O pioneers!

O to die advancing on!

Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?
Then upon the march we fittest die; soon and sure the gap
is filled,

Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,

Falling in, they beat for us, with the Western movement
beat;

Holding single or together, steady moving, to the front,
all for us,

Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?

Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stoop discouraged,
nodding on our way?

Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause
oblivious,

Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,

Far, far off the day-break call—hark! how loud and clear
I hear it wind;

Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to
your places,

Pioneers! O pioneers!

Walt Whitman.

The Call of Mankind.

207. The World is Weary of the Past.

The world's great age begins anew,

The golden years return,

The earth doth like a snake renew

Her winter weeds outworn:

Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

.
O cease! must hate and death return?

Cease! must men kill and die?

Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.

The world is weary of the past;

O might it die or rest at last!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

208. A Prophecy.

(1842.)

Far I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd
a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
thunderstorm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags
were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world . . .

Alfred Tennyson.

209. After a Tempest.

The day had been a day of wind and storm;
The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,
And stooping from the zenith bright and warm
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out and villages between...

I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents, and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
And married nations dwell in harmony;
When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'erlaboured captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long, at clash of arms amid her bowers
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast:
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
The storm, and sweet 's the sunshine when 'tis past.
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
And, like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

William Cullen Bryant.

210. Disarmament.

"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped

With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!
Fear not the end.—There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
“O son of peace!” the giant cried, “thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate.”
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said: “Poor fiend, even thee I love.”—
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
“Hate hath no harm for love,” so ran the song;
“And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!”

John Greenleaf Whittier.

211. In Time of “The Breaking of Nations”.

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk,
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:—
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

Thomas Hardy.

212. Hate.

My enemy came nigh,—and I
Stared fiercely in his face;
My lips went writhing back in a grimace,
And stern I watched him with a narrow eye.
Then, as I turned away, my enemy,
That bitter heart and savage, said to me:
“Some day, when this is past,
When all the arrows that we have are cast,
We may ask one another why we hate,
And fail to find a story to relate.
It may seem to us then a mystery
That we could hate each other.”—
Thus said he, and did not turn away,
Waiting to hear what I might have to say;
But I fled quickly, fearing, if I stayed,
I might have kissed him as I would a maid.

James Stephens.

213. A Battle Prayer.

How long, O Lord, how long before the flood
Of crimson-welling carnage shall abate?—
From sodden plains in West and East the blood
Of kindly men streams up in mists of hate
Polluting Thy clean air; and nations great
In reputation of the arts that bind

The world with hopes of Heaven, sink to the state
 Of brute barbarians, whose ferocious mind
 Gloats o'er the bloody havoc of their kind,
 Not knowing love nor mercy. Lord, how long
 Shall Satan in high places lead the blind
 To battle for the passions of the strong?—
 Oh touch Thy children's hearts, that they may know
 Hate their most hateful, pride their deadliest foe.

Robert Palmer.

214. A Nobler World may rise!

But now I know that nought is purposeless,
 And, even in destruction, we can find
 A Power whose steady motive is to bless
 The ultimate redemption of mankind.

And t'is a goodly thing to think upon,
 Whene'er a doubting mind no solace brings,
 That mighty Destiny sweeps ever on
 Our little world to higher, better things.

From small come great, from great still greater things,
 And day is sprung from night as peace from strife;
 Grieve not the fall of nations nor of kings
 If from their death is born a worthier life.

Nothing is useless—nothing ever vain;
 No heart e'er breaks, no eye 's made dim with tears,
 No drop of blood is shed, no grief, no pain
 But yields its gift to enrich the coming years.

Ours is the privilege of sacrifice,
 And cheerfully we heap the sacred pyre,
 Our willing selves the offering—the price
 Demanded to make fierce the cleansing fire.

Ourselves we set the light, and know it wise,
 (Seek not, O faint of heart, our hands to stay),
 That, Phoenix-like, a nobler world may rise
 From out the ashes of a dead to-day.

Richard Dennys.

1. John Anderson, my Jo.

Moderato

Old Scottish Air

John An - der - son, my jo, John, When
we were first ac - quent, Your locks were like the
ra - ven, Your bon - nie brow was brent; But
now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the
snaw; But bless - ings on your fros - ty pow, John
An - der - son, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns.

2. Auld Lang Syne.

Moderato

Old Scottish Air



Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And



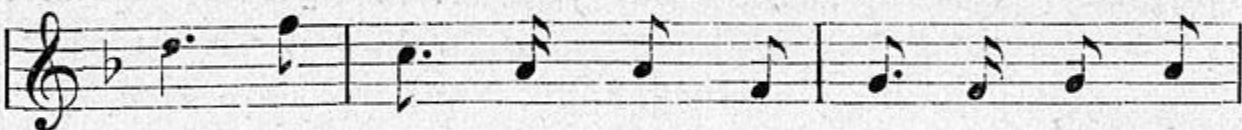
ne-ver brought to min'? Should auld ac-quaint-ance

Animato

be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For

*Chorus**Animato*

auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang



syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For



auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,

And pu'd the gowans fine;

But we've wandered mony a weary foot

Sin' auld lang syne. — *Chorus.*

We twa ha'e paidled i' the burn,

Frae morning sun till dine;

But seas between us braid ha'e roared,

Sin' auld lang syne. — *Chorus.*

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,

And gie's a hand o' thine;

And we'll tak' a right guid-willie-waught,

For auld lang syne. — *Chorus.*

Robert Burns.

3. Horo, my Nut-brown Maiden!

Allegro

Old Gaelic Air

f

Chorus: Ho - ro, my nut - brown

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. This is followed by a repeat sign and then a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The right hand plays chords in treble clef, and the left hand plays a bass line in bass clef. The piano part also begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. This is followed by a repeat sign and then a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4.

mai - den! Hi - ri, my nut-brown, mai - den!

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. This is followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The right hand plays chords in treble clef, and the left hand plays a bass line in bass clef. The piano part begins with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. This is followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4.

Ho-ro, ho-ro, mai - den! Oh! she's the maid for me!

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the second system. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. This is followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The right hand plays chords in treble clef, and the left hand plays a bass line in bass clef. The piano part begins with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. This is followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4.

express.

Solo: Her eye so mild - ly beam - ing, her

look so frank and free, In wak - ing and in

dream - ing is ev - er - more with me. *Chorus:* Ho -

Chorus.

Solo: O Mary, mild-eyed Mary, by land or on the sea;
Though time and tide may vary, my heart beats
true to thee.

Chorus.

Solo: And since from thee I parted a long and weary while,
I wander heavy-hearted with longing for thy smile.

Chorus.

Solo: Mine eyes will never vary from pointing to the glen,
Where blooms my Highland Mary like wild rose
'neath the Ben.

Chorus.

Solo: And when with blossoms laden bright summer comes
again,
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden down from the
bonnie glen.

Chorus.

Gaelic Folk Song.

4. Oh, who will o'er the Downs so Free?

Moderato

R. L. de Pearsall

f

1. Oh, who will o'er the downs so free, Oh,

The first system of musical notation is for the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal line starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "1. Oh, who will o'er the downs so free, Oh,". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

ff

who will with me ride? Oh, who will up and

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal line starts with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "who will with me ride? Oh, who will up and". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

p

fol - low me To win a bloom-ing bride? Her

cresc.

fa - ther he has lock'd the door, Her mo-ther keeps the

f *ff*

key; But nei-ther door nor bolt shall part My

Last verse:

rit *mf*

own true love and me. - 3. I pro-mis'd her I'd

come at night With com-rades brave and true: A

gal-lant band, with sword in hand, To break her pri-son

through. I pro-mis'd her I'd come at night, She's

wait-ing there for me; And ere the dawn of

morn-ing light I'll set my true love free; And

ere the dawn of morning-light I'll set my true love free.

2. I saw her bower at twilight gray,
 'T was guarded safe and sure;
 I saw her bower at break of day,
 'T was guarded then no more.
 The varlets they were all asleep,
 And none was there to see
 The meeting fair that passèd there
 Between my love and me.

5. Home, Sweet Home.

Andante

Sir Henry R. Bishop

p

'Mid pleasures and pa - la - ces tho' we may
 roam, Be it e - ver so hum - ble, There's
 no place like home! A charm from the
 skies seems to hal - low all there, Which,
 seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else -
express.
 where. Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home! There's
 no place like home! There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain;
 Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
 Give me these and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet home.

There's no place like home!

John Howard Payne.

6. Sweet and Low.

Larghetto *pp*

J. Barnaby

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

The first system of the musical score for 'Sweet and Low'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'Sweet and low, sweet and low,' are written below the notes.

Wind of the west - ern sea — . Low, low,

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Wind of the west - ern sea — . Low, low,' are written below the notes.

sf *p*
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea — .

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea — .' are written below the notes. Dynamic markings *sf* and *p* are present above the first and second measures of the melody.

mf *pp*
Over the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing

The fourth system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Over the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing' are written below the notes. Dynamic markings *mf* and *pp* are present above the first and second measures of the melody.

f
moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me — ,

The fifth system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me — ,' are written below the notes. A dynamic marking *f* is present above the first measure of the melody.

*p**rall. e dim.**pp*

While my lit-tle one, while my pretty one sleeps — .

*pp**Tempo mod.*

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee

soon — .

Rest, rest, on mo - ther's breast,

Father will come to thee soon — .

*mf**pp*

Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all

out of the west, Under the sil - ver moon — .

f

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*

Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep — .

Alfred Tennyson.

7. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

(Robert Bruce at Bannockburn.)

Con energia

Old Scottish Air

mf

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has,

af ten led! — Wel-come to your go-ry bed,

Or to vic-to - rie! Now's the day, an' now's the hour:

See the front of bat - tle low'r: See approach proud

Ed-ward's pow'r; Chains and sla - ve - rie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die!

Robert Burns.

8. The Minstrel-Boy.

In march time

Old Irish Air

f *p*

The Min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the

ranks of death you'll find him; His fa-ther's sword he has

gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-hind him. —

mf

"Land of song!" said the war-rior bard. "Though

f

all the world be - trays thee, One sword at least thy

rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said: "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

Thomas Moore.

9. Rule, Britannia!

Maestoso

Dr. Arne



When Bri-tain first, at Heav'n's com-mand A-



rose from out the a - zure main, A-



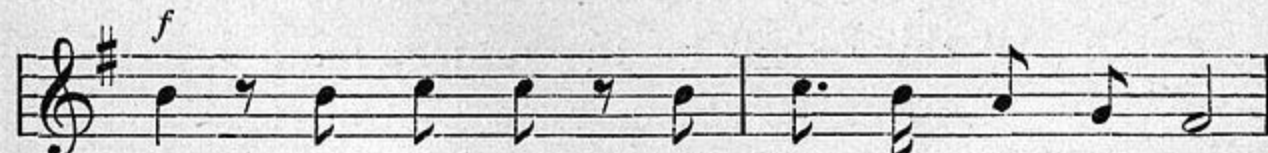
rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main;



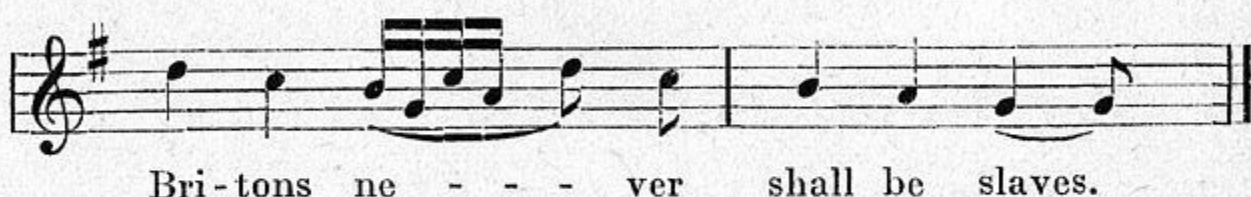
This was the char - ter, the char - ter of her land, And



guar - dian an - - - - gels sung the strain:



"Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia rule the waves!"

*Chorus**ff*

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 "Rule, Britannia!" &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 "Rule, Britannia!" &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 "Rule, Britannia!" &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine.
 All thine shall be the subject main
 And every shore it circles thine!
 "Rule, Britannia!" &c.

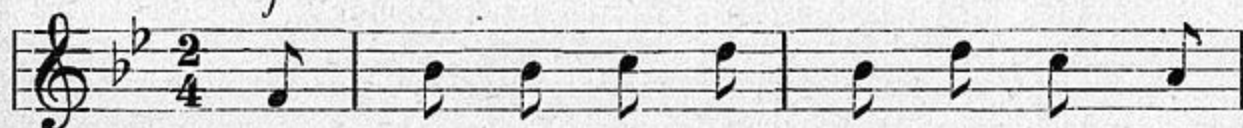
The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned
 And manly hearts to guard the fair!
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never will be slaves!"

James Thomson I.

10. Yankee Doodle.

Allegro

f



A Yan-kee Boy is trim and tall, And



ne-ver o-ver fat, Sir; At dance and fro-lie,



hop and ball, As nim-ble as a rat, Sir.

Chorus

p

f



Yan-kee Doodle guard your coast, Yankee Doodle dan-dy,

p

f



Fear not then nor threat nor boast, Yankee Doodle dan-dy.

He's always out on training day,
 Commencement or Election;
 At truck and trade he knows the way
 Of thriving to perfection.
 Yankee doodle, etc.

His door is always open found,
 His cider of the best, Sir;
 His board with pumpkin pie is crown'd,
 And welcome every guest, Sir.
 Yankee doodle, etc.

Tho' rough and little is his farm,
 That little is his own, Sir;
 His hand is strong, his heart is warm,
 'Tis truth's and honour's throne, Sir.
 Yankee doodle, etc.

His Country is his pride and boast,
 He'll ever prove true blue, Sir;
 When called upon to give his toast,
 'Tis "Yankee doodle, doo!" Sir.
 Yankee doodle, etc.

Richard Sheckburg (?)

11. It's a Long Way to Tipperary.

Allegro

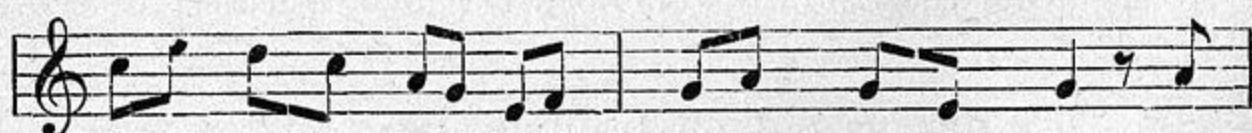
Written and composed by Jack Judge and Harry Williams.



Up to migh-ty Lon-don came an Irish - man one day,



As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ry one was gay.



Singing songs of Picca-dilly, Strand, and Leicester Square, Till



Pad-dy got ex-cit-ed, then he shouted to them there:

Chorus:

It's a long way to Tip-pe - ra - ry, It's a long way to



go. It's a long way to Tip-pe - ra - ry, To the



sweet-est girl I know. Good - bye, Picca - dil - ly,



Farewell, Leicester Square. It's a long, long way to Tip-pe-



ra - ry, But my heart's right there!

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly, O!
Saying, Should you not receive it, write and let me know.
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear, said he,
Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me.

(Chorus.)

Molly wrote a letter to her Irish Paddy, O!
Saying, Mike Malony wants to marry me—and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or ye 'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping you're the same!

(Chorus.)